

THE LADIES' MUSEUM.

DECEMBER, 1830.

ADDRESS.

Simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ.—*Horace.*

And join both profit and delight in one.—*Creech.*

TIME, the purifier, the perfecter, and, ultimately, the destroyer of all things, after having borne the "Ladies' Museum" through a period of many lustrums, now rests it in the hands of a new proprietorship. An editorial change has taken place, and an entirely new management is about to be adopted. On the 1st of next month, a New and Improved Series will be commenced, to the success of which we shall devote the strenuous and united efforts of Mind and Money. And we proudly hope, ere many moons shall have waned, to see our Magazine rising bright and Phoenix-like from the humble basis on which we are about to build! Courteous Reader, deem not that we are exalted by a false and fugitive expectation—think not that the "gusty breath of pride" is sweeping across our minds to deceive us with its momentary but scorching blast! On the contrary, we prithee listen to the proposed alterations which will be effected in our new arrangements, both as regarding *manner* and *matter*.

We know that our fair Readers, with that nice and discriminating taste which is so peculiarly their characteristic, are wont to admire the illuminations of art, as well as the treasures of information and amusement, which ought to enrich and diversify a Periodical offered to their especial patronage; it is our intention, therefore, to procure the finest Plates, and to employ the best Artists within our reach, and we promise them that they shall find us constantly and progressively improving in this particular. The work shall also be much enlarged in its dimensions, and shall boast a smart exterior, although it will not indeed be either *ornamented or disfigured* by the head of a *Minerva*, with her unbecoming, if not frightful, helmet. We seek no aid from the Heathen Goddess of Wisdom and War, lest it should be supposed that we require the aid of her spear as well as her brain—but we will be satisfied, and, oh, how proudly so! with the inspiring effects of your approving smiles. But although we intend to pay much attention to our *dress*, the greater portion of our zeal will, on all occasions, be directed to mental, rather than to visual, gra-

tification. We will, however, endeavour assuredly to combine both. Our pages will be replete, we trust, with vigour and taste; and feeling that the female mind is at last justly admitted to a scale of intellect coequal with that of man, it will be our object to mingle amusement with instruction—sporting in *this* page with the flowers and graces of a light and redolent fancy, and in *that* directing the genius and engaging the graver attention of our friends. We shall introduce a Portfolio of Curious and Amusing Scraps, and we intend also to spread the choice pages of our Album to their view. And a judicious Notice of Books, with an account of the Drama and Fine Arts, and the Chitchat of the Month, with all the requisite addenda to a work like ours, which will of course include the London and Parisian Fashions, will, we hope, entitle us to an extended patronage.

It behoves us now to state that, although we propose to take no absolute share in the Political Discussions of the day, as not belonging to the soft ethereal influences of the female mind, yet shall we, when we see occasion, stand proudly forward in the defence of our constitutional greatness, and resolutely hurl the gauntlet of defiance in the very face of the bold, bad men of the times. Readers, our religion is Protestant, and we shall ever be ready to advocate its cause by the words of Truth against the encroachments or anathemas of Ignorance, Superstition, or Folly.

We hope we need hardly add that no specimen of ribald wit, no unseemly jest, shall ever pollute our pure pages: we would not raise a laugh by aught that would tinge

The cheek of beauty with the blush of shame.

Our foot is in the arena; we have entered the lists with a pure and chivalric devotion to the Fair; and we challenge a generous rivalry with all who contend in the same honourable career; but our's is a just and open field—we disdain alike the shufflings of art, or the ambiguities of inuendo! And in carrying the palm of victory high above the clamours of the conflict, we will never trample on an unsuccessful opponent. In such a contention an energetic earnestness will be induced—it will be the spirit-stirring call to Genius; and its consequence—the gratification of the Fair.

Thus much do we promise *to do* and *to be*, and we invite the strict scrutiny of all to our work, which will appear in its more perfect form on the 1st of next month; and, it may not be improper to add, without any additional charge to our Subscribers.

STANZAS.

By A. H.

WHAT art thou, Thought? a spirit, o'er whose wings
 A thousand shades, a thousand colours fly—
 These radiant as the hues Aurora flings
 Above the op'ning portals of the sky;
 Those dark and solemn as the midnight cloud,
 That o'er the buried world doth wrap its silent shroud.
 Whence art thou, Thought? from whom hadst thou thy birth?
 A mere material thing, of finer clay
 Than this dull body, yet the child of earth,
 And with thy frail companion to decay;
 Each fram'd her law of being to fulfil,
 And work in briefest space her end of good or ill.
 And wherefore art thou? sent awhile to light
 The mariners that sail on Life's rough sea,
 A transient glory in oblivion's night,
 Too quickly perishing, no more to be!
 Can all thy lustre, all thy awful pow'r,
 Sink in the gloom of death, the meteor of an hour?
 Or art thou from above, a beam divine,
 A radiance struck from the eternal mind—
 For ever bright, when planets cease to shine,
 And fails attractive force the stars to bind?
 A maze of light the path of Heaven to show,
 Or an avenging flame through endless years to glow!

REMEMBRANCES OF AN OLD SOLDIER.—NO. V.

By the Author of "The Hermit in London."

THE GRAVE OF A FRIEND.

Accept this latest favour from my hands,
 Which, living, honoured thee.—*Shakespeare.*

LIFE may be truly compared to a campaign, in which we are more or less successful. To some it is brief and disastrous indeed—a mere skirmish for existence; some few seem, like the favourites of Fortune, carrying all before them—success follows success. The conquest of hearts belongs to the fair sex alone; their victories are gentle, although uncertain; and we surrender to them willingly—not always at discretion. In this campaign how much have we to suffer and to provide against! It is one continual war, not only of the passions and of the eventful hostilities of life, but (to the soldier and seaman) of circumstances, of elements, of climates, and conflicting interests, not of himself, but of the sovereign or other power which he defends. What a host to make head against! How difficult to advance, engage, and retreat, or to pilot his

bark (in the instance of the naval novice) through such powerful opponents! What little time is there for repose; how much too little for reflection; and how is the military man libelled and misrepresented, when he is described as a thoughtless butterfly, a mere man of pleasure! A soldier and a sailor ought not to be possessed of the finest woven feelings, such as the delicate hand of Nature sheds over our sensibilities, like a transparent veil, half concealing, half discovering, objects of interest and sympathy, and bestowing enchantment and mystery on them; enlightening further our enjoyments, and doubly overclouding our sorrows and regrets; raising our fond hopes like a bow bent to its full tension, and tempering the arrow of affliction with the sharpest edge and deadliest point.

A soldier and a sailor, I repeat it, are to be pitied when they are agonizingly alive to love, to friendship, to susceptibility, to delays, slights, and, above all, to reverses of fortune; the life which each has to lead, incessantly exposes him to be wounded in every instance where exquisite sensibility is engaged; what ties can he, with peacefulness or safety, make, whose life hangs upon the trumpet's blast, whose time is less his own than that of any other rational being, whose locomotive profession tears him continually from home, country, repose, pastime, and (cruelest separation of all) from the embrace of friendship, and from the bosom of love? If an aspirant to martial honours and achievements could divest himself of the man, which ever predominates over the warrior, he would never form intimacies, court connections, nor trust himself in those situations which unite us to beings, places, habits, and strong sympathies—which involve the heart and mind in difficulties, fix the will where the person may not be, chain us to affections which only enliven to destroy, or entangle us in pleasure's net; and then, what a piece of work a man would become, divested of the feelings which would make him lean to all those gentle invitings of happiness and repose!

Let us now, for a moment, examine the military man's life when not actually engaged in mortal strife, or preparing and providing for and against it—when not embarked on board a disgusting, incommodious transport, bound for a foreign station, vegetating in some remote and solitary quarter, or imprisoned, by dire disease, within the walls of a military hospital, what does he look for beyond the bounds of his barrack and mess-room—beyond the resources of comrades' table talk, stale jokes, regimental trite detail, his bottle and his cigar? His roving imagination may lead him to gratify his curiosity by extensive change of scene, by

a great variety of fresh objects, but the general *desideratum* consists in snug quarters, a fine plentiful country, a good neighbourhood, lots of amusement, and "though last not least in *our* dear love," the eye and smile of beauty to sweeten the cup of life; and what are the results? I will not be unjust, and sully the page with the annals of unsoldierly, unmanly infamy, by admitting that the ruin of female virtue forms a part of the soldier's amusements—the instances are rare and horrifying, and they consign the seducer to the vengeance of the brave and the hatred of mankind. But, alas! the heart is prone to rest upon some dear object, and we poor redcoats flirt and dance ourselves into attachments which leave an aching void when separation takes place; we meet with those who would render life's dreary march delightful; we grow familiar with the daily happiness of gentle society which our only comfort clings to, when the rout comes, and orders for the march or embarkation break the charm of our existence; we love, and think we are beloved, but we cannot marry; and if we can, a victim may have to reproach us with the sad vicissitudes of a soldier's life; (the sailor has pretty much the same fate before him;) we are awakened from dreams of delight, and are overtaken by a shot, or the yellow fever, with a letter, a riband, a lock of hair, or miniature, for our whole fortune; a legacy to be transmitted, or rather to be returned, to her who has captivated and made us wretched, and whose peace of mind we have incautiously, or vainly, trespassed on: if chance restore us to our native land, and bring us, perhaps, once more to the scene of past bliss, the enchantress is absent, married, or no more; these are sad remembrances, and it is of one of these that I am about to recall the sad and aching recollection.

I had a friend whose whole life was one unwearied scene of kindnesses and of courtesies; her days ran like a pure stream, benefiting and refreshing the gentle path through which it flowed. Maria was one of those few unmixed characters which bear but one cast—ineffable goodness was the die, and Nature seemed to have broken it when she was removed from earth. I knew her in all stages of life, unaltered and unalterable; single, married, a mother, a widow, a neighbour, and a bosom-friend; so well was she known by her acts of feeling and beneficence, of exalted friendship, and active charity, that she bore, in the circle of her intimate acquaintances, the enviable name of the peace-maker. Her age being far more advanced than my own, I contemplated the lines of time stealing on her sweet face with fearful regrets. I beheld the silvery tints blanching her once luxuriant tresses;

I lost insensibly the mild radiance of her eye, which seemed like the light of a delightful evening lingering o'er the landscape which it had before gilded and softened by its beams; I was aware, year after year, and still more when longer absent on military duty, that her form was leaning towards that earth which soon was to be its couch; and all this I viewed with fearful anticipation. At length the day came, and it was my lot to receive her departing breath—to lean, in an agony of grief, over that bosom which bore a matchless heart—to hear the faltering accents of her last prayers—to mingle my unworthy ones with her's—to bedew with my tears that hand which had been so often pressed in mine, so often held out to invite others to reconciliation, so often unfolded to assist the indigent. Her spirit fled, and I literally closed her eyes; her last accents to me were those of affection; they are now speaking to my mind, swelling the tide of sorrow in my breast, and the feeling reader must supply what pen cannot describe.

I followed all that remained of Maria to her long home; I saw her lowered into the humble grave marked out for her last earthly abode; an unostentatious funeral closed the last scene, nor was monument nor sarcophagus, urn nor tombstone, tablet nor vault, left to record her existence; a pillow of turf, a wooden cross, the name Maria, and the emblems of three tears painted on the sable wood; these were all that could announce her resting-place—all that could tell that she had ever been. Well, what could sculptured marble or engraven stone, a verse, the poetical epitaph, or historic eulogy, bestow upon her? nothing. A cross—a tear—mourning and living memory—these suited best the simplicity of her life. I thought of having a pine-tree planted near the spot, but it had been too gloomy; there was nothing dark and treacherous in Maria's mind: a willow, it is too common; there were many in the cemetery: in a word, the spot was left as unadorned as her life was unassuming.

I quitted the country which possesses her remains, joined again the warfare of earthly existence, saw divers scenes, passed through divers vicissitudes—friends and comrades falling around me like the autumnal leaves—and when returned on leave of absence, I resolved to make a pilgrimage to the land where I had looked my last on that spot, where the remains of her who still lives in my remembrances and affections recline in the sleep of death. Seasons had rolled over her head, every thing had changed; the storm had lashed the sepulchral yews at the entrance of the field of death; other tenants of the inclosure formed a mass of graves

surrounding that in which the casket of a bright jewel was deposited; the high grass masked the raised turf, and concealed the willow osiers which bound her sad covering; my memory seemed to fail me, my head reeled, and I sat down on a grave-stone to recover myself and recollect the situation, as well as to discover objects which might point out Maria's grave: it seemed strange and painful that she who was now obliterated from the page of life, struck off from the roll of the living children of men, should also be no longer found even in the records of the dead. I mused, and my spirits sunk; an icy coldness seized me, and my heart felt like a heavy flint within me; at length the hollow wind waved the long grass to and fro, and, bending it to the earth, discovered the cross, the pillow of turf, and the narrow bed of my beloved friend, when, on hastening to the place of her interment, other changes met my eye. The name was no longer legible, the tears were washed away, and all traces of them dried up; how soon, alas! do those of the surviving cease to flow for the departed! Not so with mine; emblems of mortality, of wreck and ruin, struck deeply to my heart, and I must have forgotten myself to stone* had I not paid this last tribute to departed worth. I looked all around, one little novelty claimed my attention; a wild violet grew at the foot of the grave, sweet, modest, and interesting, like the blue eye of beauty (such was Maria's) emerging from a tear. I was about to pluck it, and to preserve it as a relic, but I reflected that it could no where abide more properly than at my dear friend's grave: she sweetened that cup to others which was bitter to herself; she shed the odour of charity around her; she smiled to cheer the afflicted, and bloomed, like this floweret, in the shade of retirement. It was her constant practice to hide from the world's eye those private virtues, the lustre of which has no mirror held up to reflect them *here*; to steal, unperceived, to the pillow of poverty, desolation, sickness, and care, and there to ply her willing office—to counsel in secret, and to interpose her persuasive agency where wounds were to be cicatrised, breaches cemented, and broken links to be reunited, taking often blame and responsibility on herself: the

* There are some very beautiful verses in Italian, on contemplating a marble cross with the emblem of the Saviour on it; it commences by saying, that the cross is of marble, so was the Redeemer in purity, in immovable firmness and constancy; his judges and the Jews were of marble, from the obduracy of their hearts; and it concludes by these impressive lines—

Ed io chi Spettator rimango,
Di marmo son io sì non piango.

roof of wretchedness had no repulsive horror in it for her, contagion created no fear in her strong mind.* If there were any truth in the transmigration of souls, any thing probable in that specious fallacy—one might as well imagine that our humanity might change its substance into vegetable as well as into animal matter—in that case, Maria might have, after decomposition, assumed the form of this sweet lowly flower, still to comfort and captivate regretful friends in the lone pathway of life. But no, the living flower has faded, its perfume is dissipated; another and another shall occupy its place on earth, and here, beneath it, corruption and the worm dwell together. And where art thou, Maria, friend of my soul? in Heaven, I hope, and fresh in the remembrances of

AN OLD SOLDIER.

LINES.

Oh! ask me not to sing to-night,
 My soul has lost its tuneful tone,
 And I would steal from mortal sight,
 To commune with myself alone.

There is an hour to which the heart,
 The gayest, liveliest heart must bow;
 There is an hour the tear will start
 Warm to the cheek—I feel it now.

Then let me weep, I would not lose
 The sweetness of so sad an hour;
 The dew that gilds the morning rose
 Will purify, not harm the flow'r.

C.

THE SAILOR'S TEAR.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

"I DEARLY love a sailor!" exclaimed the beautiful and fascinating Lady L——, as she stood in the balcony of her house, leaning upon the arm of her affectionate and indulgent husband, and gazing at a poor shattered tar who supplicated charity by a look that could hardly fail of interesting the generous sympathies of the heart—"I dearly love a sailor; he is so truly the child of nature; and I never feel more disposed to shed tears, than when I see the hardy veteran who has sacrificed his youth, and even his limbs, in the service of his country—

Now cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage,
 And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.

Look at yon poor remnant of the tempest, probably reduced to the hard necessity of becoming a wanderer, without a home to shelter

* Maria caught a malignant fever by visiting a pauper.

him, or one kind commiserating smile to shed a ray of sunshine on the dreary winter of his life. I can remember, when a child, I had an uncle who loved me very tenderly, and my attachment to him was almost that of a daughter; indeed he was the pride and admiration of our village; for every one esteemed him for his kind and cheerful disposition. But untoward events cast a gloom upon his mind; he hastened away to sea, and we never saw him more."

By this time the weather-beaten, care-worn seaman had advanced toward the house, and cast a wistful glance aloft; it was full of honest pride that disdained to beg, yet his appearance was so marked with every emblem of poverty and hunger, that, as the conflicting feelings worked within his breast, his countenance betrayed involuntarily the struggles of his heart. There was a manly firmness in his deportment, that bespoke no ordinary mind; and a placid serenity in his eye, that beamed with benevolence, and seemed only to regret that he could no longer be a friend to the poor and destitute, or share his hard-earned pittance with a messmate in distress. A few scattered grey locks peeped from beneath an old straw hat; and one sleeve of his jacket hung unoccupied by his side—the arm was gone. "I should like to know his history," said the amiable lady; "let us send for him in." To express a wish, and have it gratified, were the same thing to Lady L——, and in a few minutes the veteran tar stood before them. "Would you wish to hear a tale of woe?" cried the old man, in answer to her request. "Ah, no! why should your tender heart be wounded by another's griefs? I have been buffeted by the storms of affliction—I have struggled against the billows of adversity—every wave of sorrow has rolled over me; but," added he, while a glow of conscious integrity suffused his furrowed cheek, "I have always done my duty; and that conviction has buoyed me up when nearly overwhelmed in the ocean of distress. Yet, lady, it was not always thus: I have been happy—was esteemed, and, as I thought, beloved. I had a friend, in whom I reposed the highest confidence, and my affections were devoted to one;—but, she is gone—she is gone! and I—yes! we shall meet again:—" here he paused, dashed a tear from his eye, and then proceeded:—"My friend was faithless: he robbed me of the dearest treasure of my heart, and blasted every hope of future happiness. I left my native land to serve my country: have fought her battles, and bled in her defence. On the 29th of May, and glorious 1st of June, 1794, I served on board the Queen Charlotte, under gallant Howe, and was severely wounded

in the breast—but I did my duty. On that memorable occasion, a circumstance occurred which added to my bitterness and melancholy. The decks were cleared—the guns cast loose, and every man stood in eager expectation at his quarters. It is an awful moment, lady, and various conflicting emotions agitate the breast when, in the calm stillness that reigns fore and aft, the mind looks back upon the past, and contemplates the future. Home, wife, children, and every tender remembrance rush upon the soul. It is different in the heat of action: then every faculty is employed for conquest, that each man may have to say, “I have done my duty.” But when bearing down to engage, and silence is so profound that every whisper may be heard, then their state of mind—it cannot be described. Sailors know what it is, and conquering it by cool determination and undaunted bravery, nobly do their duty. I was stationed at the starboard side of the quarter deck, and looked around me with feelings incident to human nature, yet wishing for and courting death. The admiral, with calm composure, surrounded by his captains and signal officers, stood near me, while brave Bowen, the master, occupied the ladder, and gave directions to the quarter-master at the helm. The enemy opened their fire, and the captains of the guns stood ready with their matches in their hand, waiting for the word. The work of destruction commenced, and many of our shipmates lay bleeding on the deck, but not a shot had we returned. “Stand by there, upon the main deck,” cried the first lieutenant. “Steady, my men! Wait for command, and don’t throw your fire away!” “All ready, sir,” was responded fore and aft. At this moment a seaman advanced upon the quarter deck, attended by a young lad (one of the fore-top men) whose pale face and quivering lip betrayed the tremulous agitation of fear. The lieutenant gazed at him for a few seconds with marked contempt and indignation, but all stood silent. The officer turned towards the admiral, and on again looking round, perceived that the lad had fainted, and lay lifeless in the seaman’s arms, who gazed upon the bloodless countenance of his charge with a look of anguish and despair. “Carry him below,” said the lieutenant, “and let him skulk from his duty; this day must be a day of glory!” The poor fellow seemed unconscious that he was spoken to, but still continued to gaze upon the lad. The officer beckoned to a couple of men, who immediately advanced, and were about to execute his orders, when the seaman put them back with his hand, exclaiming, “No! *she* is mine, and we will live or die together!” Oh! lady, what a scene was that! The frown quitted

the lieutenant's brow, and a tear trembled in his eye. The generous Howe and his brave companions gathered round, and there was not a heart that did not feel what it was to be beloved. Yes! mine alone was dreary, like the lightning-blasted wreck. We were rapidly approaching the French admiral's ship, the *Montague*: the main decks fired, and the lower deck followed the example. The noise brought her to her recollection; she gazed wildly on all, and then clinging closer to her lover, sought relief in tears. "T——," said his lordship, mildly, "this must not be—go, go, my lad; see her safe in the cockpit, and then I know that you will do your duty." A smile of animation lightened up his agitated face. "I will! I will!" cried he, "God bless your lordship, I will! for I have *always* done my duty;"—and taking his trembling burthen in his arms, supported her to a place of safety. In a few minutes he was again at his gun, and assisted in pouring the first raking broadside into our opponent's stern. Since that time I have served in most of the general actions; and knelt by the side of the hero Nelson, when he resigned himself to the arms of death. But, whether stationed upon deck amidst the blood and slaughter of battle—the shrieks of the wounded, and groans of the dying—or clinging to the shrouds during the tempestuous howling of the storm, while the wild waves were beating over me—whether coasting along the luxuriant shores of the Mediterranean, or surrounded by ice-bergs in the Polar sea—one thought, one feeling possessed my soul, and that was devoted to the being I adored. Years rolled away; but that deep, strong, deathless passion distance could not subdue, nor old age founder. 'Tis now about seven years since the British troops under Wellington were landed on the continent. I was employed with a party of seamen on shore in transporting the artillery and erecting batteries. A body of the French attacked one of our detachments, and, after considerable slaughter on both sides, the enemy were compelled to retreat. We were ordered to the field to bring in the wounded and prisoners. Never—never shall I forget that day: the remembrance even now unmans me. Oh, lady! forgive these tears, and pity the anguish of an old man's heart. Day had just began to dawn when we arrived upon the plain, and commenced our search among the bodies, to see if there were any who yet remained lingering in existence. Passing by and over heaps of dead, my progress was suddenly arrested, and every fibre of my heart was racked, on seeing a female sitting by the mangled remains of an English soldier. She was crouched upon the ground, her face resting on her lap, and every feature hid from

view. Her long black hair hung in dishevelled flakes about her shoulders, and her garments closed round her person, heavy with the cold night-rains; one hand clasped that of the dead soldier, the other arm was thrown around his head. Every feeling of my soul was roused to exertion—I approached—she raised herself up, and—and—great Heaven! 'twas she—the woman whom I loved! She gazed with sickly horror; and, though greatly altered—though time and sorrow had chased away the bloom of health—though scarce a trace of former beauty remained, those features were too deeply engraven on my memory for me to be mistaken; but she knew me not. I forgot all my wrongs, and rushing forward, clasped her to my breast. Oh what a moment was that! she made an ineffectual struggle for release, and then fainted in my arms. Some of my shipmates came to the spot, and turning over the lifeless form before us, my eyes rested on the countenance of him who had once been my friend. But death disarms resentment; he was beyond my vengeance, and had already been summoned to the tribunal of the Most High. When I had last seen them, affluence, prosperity, and happiness, were the portion of us all. Now—but I cannot, cannot repeat the distressing tale; let it suffice, lady, that she was carried to a place of safety, and every effort used to restore animation, in which we were eventually successful. How shall I describe our meeting, when she recognized me?—it is impossible; I feel it now in every nerve, but to tell you is beyond my power. Through the kindness of a generous officer, I procured her a passage to England, and gave her all that I possessed, with this one request, that she would remain at Plymouth till my return to port. In a few months afterwards we anchored in the Sound, and, as soon as duty would permit, I hastened to obtain leave to go on shore; it was denied me—yes, cruelly denied me. Stung to madness, I did not hesitate; but as soon as night had closed in, slipped down the cables and swam to land. With eager expectation I hurried to the house in which I had requested her to remain. I crossed the threshold unobserved, for all was silent as the grave, and gently ascended the stairs. The room door was partly open, and a faint light glimmered on the table. The curtains of the bed were undrawn, and there—there lay gasping in the last convulsive agonies of nature—Oh, lady! she was dying—I rushed into the room, threw myself by her side, and implored her to live for me. She knew me—yes, she knew me—but at that very instant an officer with an armed party entered the apartment. They had watched me, and I was arrested as a deserter—arrested did I say?

Ay! but not till I had stretched one of the insulting rascals at my feet. I was handcuffed, and bayonets were pointed at my breast. Vain was every entreaty for one hour, only one hour. The dying woman raised herself upon her pillow—she stretched forth her hand to mine, manacled as they were—she fell back, and Emma—yes, my Emma was no more. Despair, rage, fury, worked up the fiends within my soul! I struggled to burst my fetters, dashed them at all who approached me; but overcome at length, was borne to the common gaol. I was tried for desertion, and, on account of my resistance, was flogged through the fleet.* I had acted improperly as a seaman, but I had done my duty as a man. It was not my intention to desert my ship, but my feelings overpowered me, and I obeyed their dictates. Yet now I felt indignant at my punishment, and took the first opportunity to escape; but whither could I go?—there was no protection for me. One visit, one lonely visit was paid to the grave of her who was now at rest for ever; and I again entered on board the ———, bound to the West India station. I fought in several actions, and lost my arm. But the R* for desertion was still against my name, and though I obtained a pension for my wound, I could obtain none for servitude. I cannot apply to the friends of my youth, for they believe me dead; and who would credit the assertions of a broken-hearted sailor? No, no: a few short months, and the voyage of life will be over; then will old Will Jennings be laid in peace by the side of Emma Wentworth, and wait for the last great muster before Him who searcheth all hearts, and rewardeth those seamen who have done their duty.” Here he ceased, while L—— turned to his lady, whose loud sobs gave witness to the sympathy of her heart; but the agony increased to hysteric convulsions—she sprang hastily on her feet—shrieked, “’Tis he! ’tis William! ’tis my uncle!” and fell upon his neck!

SONG.

By James Knor.

Oh! why should a vision of sorrow
Oppress thy young spirit to-night,
When Fancy is painting the morrow
With images blooming and bright?

* When will this blot upon the military and naval character of our country be done away with? How subversive is it of those high feelings of honour and pride which ought to possess the bosoms of all who battle in her cause. The very officers must feel degraded while superintending the infliction of corporal punishment on those under their command.

Ed. L. M.

The hopes which our bosoms have cherish'd,
 Like flow'rs, will too rapidly fade,
 But we know that, as soon as they've perish'd,
 Some others will bloom in their stead.

Adversity's tempests o'ertaking,
 Our souls may in darkness entomb;
 But pleasure is constantly breaking
 In light, through the vista of gloom.
 Then banish the vision of sorrow,
 That darkens thy spirit to-night,
 For Fancy is painting the morrow
 With images blooming and bright!

THE STOLEN SHEEP.

AN IRISH SKETCH.

By the Author of "Tales of the O'Hara Family."

(From the "Friendship's Offering.")

THE faults of the lower orders of the Irish are sufficiently well known: perhaps their virtues have not been proportionately observed, or recorded for observation. At all events, it is but justice to them, and it cannot conflict with any established policy, or do any one harm, to exhibit them in a favourable light to their British fellow-subjects, as often as strict truth will permit. In this view the following story is written—the following facts, indeed; for we have a newspaper report before us, which shall be very slightly departed from, while we make our copy of it.

The Irish plague, called typhus fever, raged in its terrors. In almost every third cabin there was a corpse daily. In every one, without an exception, there was what had made the corpse—hunger. It need not be added that there was poverty, too. The poor could not bury their dead. From mixed motives of self-protection, terror, and benevolence, those in easier circumstances exerted themselves to administer relief, in different ways. Money was subscribed—(then came England's munificent donation—God prosper her for it!)—wholesome food, or food as wholesome as a bad season permitted, was provided; and men of respectability, bracing their minds to avert the danger that threatened themselves, by boldly facing it, entered the infected house, where death reigned almost alone, and took measures to cleanse and purify the close-cribbed air, and the rough, bare walls. Before proceeding to our story, let us be permitted to mention some general remarks of Irish virtue, which, under those circumstances, we personally noticed. In poverty, in abject misery, and at a short and fearful notice, the poor man died like a Christian.

He gave vent to none of the poor man's complaints or invectives against the rich man who had neglected him, or who he might have supposed had done so, till it was too late. Except for a glance—and, doubtless, a little inward pang while he glanced—at the starving, and perhaps infected wife, or child, or old parent as helpless as the child—he blessed God, and died. The appearance of a comforter at his wretched bed-side, even when he knew comfort to be useless, made his heart grateful, and his spasmed lips eloquent in thanks. In cases of indescribable misery—some members of his family lying lifeless before his eyes, or else some dying—stretched upon damp and unclean straw, on an earthen floor, without cordial for his lips, or potatoes to point out to a crying infant—often we have heard him whisper to himself, (and to another who heard him!) “The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord.” Such men need not always make bad neighbours.

In the early progress of the fever, before the more affluent roused themselves to avert its career, let us cross the threshold of an individual peasant. His young wife lies dead; his second child is dying at her side; he has just sunk into a corner himself, under the first stun of disease, long resisted. The only persons of his family who have escaped contagion, and are likely to escape it, are his old father, who sits weeping feebly upon the hob, and his first-born, a boy of three or four years, who, standing between the old man's knees, cries also for food.

We visit the young peasant's abode some time after. He has not sunk under “the sickness.” He is fast regaining his strength, even without proper nourishment; he can creep out of doors, and sit in the sun. But, in the expression of his sallow and emaciated face, there is no joy for his escape from the grave, as he sits there alone, silent and brooding. His father, and his surviving child, are still hungry—more hungry, indeed, and more helpless than ever; for the neighbours who had relieved the family with a potatoe and a mug of sour milk, are now stricken down themselves, and want assistance to a much greater extent than they can give it.

“I wish Mr. Evans was in the place,” cogitated Michaul Carroll; “a body could spake forn'ent him, and not spake for nothin', for all that he's an Englishman; and I don't like the thoughts o' goin' up to the house to the steward's face—it wouldn't turn kind to a body. May be he'd soon come home to us, the mather himself.”

Another fortnight elapsed. Michaul's hope proved vain. Mr.

Evans was still in London; though a regular resident on his small Irish estate, since it had come into his possession, business unfortunately—and he would have said so himself—now kept him an unusually long time absent. Thus disappointed, Michaul overcame his repugnance to appear before the “hard” steward. He only asked for work, however. There was none to be had. He turned his slow and still feeble foot into the adjacent town. It was market day, and he took up his place among a crowd of other claimants for agricultural employment, shouldering a spade, as did each of his companions. Many farmers came to the well-known “stannin,” and hired men at his right and at his left, but no one addressed Michaul. Once or twice, indeed, touched perhaps by his sidelong looks of beseeching misery, a farmer stopt a moment before him, and glanced over his figure; but his worn and almost shaking limbs giving little promise of present vigour in the working field, worldly prudence soon conquered the humane feeling which started up towards him in the man’s heart, and, with a choking in his throat, poor Michaul saw the arbiter of his fate pass on.

He walked homeward, without having broken his fast that day. “Bud, *musha*, what’s the harm o’ that,” he said to himself; “only here’s the ould father, an’ *her* pet boy, the weenock, without a pyatee either. Well, *asthore*, if they can’t have the pyatees, they must have betther food—that’s all; ay—” he muttered, clenching his hands at his sides, and imprecating fearfully in Irish—“an’ so they must.”

He left his house again, and walked a good way to beg a few potatoes. He did not come back quite empty-handed. His father and his child had a meal. He ate but a few himself; and when he was about to lie down in his corner for the night, he said to the old man, across the room—“Don’t be a-crying to-night, father—you and the child, there; bud sleep well, and ye’ll have the good break’ast afore ye in the mornin’.”

“The good break’ast, *ma-bauchal*?* a-then, an’ where ’ill id come from?”

“A body promised it to me, father.”

“*Avich!* Michaul, an’ sure its fun you’re making of us, now, at any rate. Bud, the good night, *a chorra*,† an’ my blessin’ on your head, Michaul; an’ if we keep trust in the good God, an’ ax his blessin’, too, mornin’ an’ evenin’, gettin’ up an’ lyin’ down, He’ll be a friend to us at last: that was always an’ ever

* My boy.

† Term of endearment.

my word to you, poor boy, since you was the years o' your own weenock, now fast asleep at my side; an' its my word to you, now, *ma-bauchal*; an' you won't forget id; and there's one sayin' the same to you, out o' heaven, this night—herself, an' her little angel-in-glory by the hand, Michaul *a-vourneen*."

Having thus spoken in the fervent and rather exaggerated, though every-day, words of pious allusion of the Irish poor man, old Carroll soon dropt asleep, with his arms round his little grandson, both overcome by an unusually abundant meal. In the middle of the night he was awakened by a stealthy noise. Without moving he cast his eyes round the cabin. A small window, through which the moon broke brilliantly, was open. He called to his son, but received no answer. He called again and again: all remained silent. He arose, and crept to the corner where Michaul had lain down. It was empty. He looked out through the window into the moonlight. The figure of a man appeared at a distance, just about to enter a pasture-field belonging to Mr. Evans.

The old man leaned his back against the wall of the cabin, trembling with sudden and terrible misgivings. With him, the language of virtue, which we have heard him utter, was not cant. In early prosperity, in subsequent misfortunes, and in his late and present excess of wretchedness, he had never swerved in practice from the spirit of his own exhortations to honesty, before men, and love for, and dependance upon God, which, as he has truly said, he had constantly addressed to his son, since his earliest childhood. And hitherto that son had, indeed, walked by his precepts, further assisted by a regular observance of the duties of his religion. Was he now about to turn into another path? to bring shame on his father in his old age? to put a stain on their family and their name, "the name that a rogue or a bould woman never bore?" continued old Carroll, indulging in some of the pride and egotism for which an Irish peasant is, under his circumstances, remarkable. And then came the thought of the personal peril incurred by Michaul: and his agitation, incurred by the feebleness of age, nearly overpowered him.

He was sitting on the floor, shivering like one in an ague-fit, when he heard steps outside the house. He listened, and they ceased: but the familiar noise of an old barn door creaking on its crazy hinges, came on his ear. It was now day-dawn. He dressed himself; stole out cautiously; peeped into the barn, through a chink of the door, and all he had feared met full confirmation. There, indeed, sat Michaul, busily and earnestly en-

gaged, with a frowning brow and a haggard face, in quartering the animal he had stolen from Mr. Evans's field.

The sight sickened the father:—the blood on his son's hands, and all! He was barely able to keep himself from falling. A fear, if not a dislike, of the unhappy culprit also came upon him. His unconscious impulse was to re-enter their cabin unperceived, without speaking a word; he succeeded in doing so; and then he fastened the door again, and undressed, and resumed his place beside his innocent little grandson.

About an hour-afterwards, Michaul came in cautiously through the still open window, and also undressed and reclined on his straw, after glancing towards his father's bed, who pretended to be asleep. At the usual time for arising, old Carroll saw him suddenly jump up, and prepare to go abroad. He spoke to him, leaning on his elbow.

"And what *hollg** is on you now, *ma-bauchal*?"

"Going for the good break'ast I promised you, father dear."

"An' who's the good christin 'ill give id to us, Michaul?"

"Oh, you'll know that soon, father: now, a good bye:"—he hurried to the door.

"A good bye, then, Michaul; bud, tell me, what's that on your hand?"

"No—nothin'," stammered Michaul, changing colour, as he hastily examined the hand himself; "nothin' is on id: what could there be?" (nor was there, for he had very carefully removed all evidence of guilt from his person; and the father's question was asked upon grounds distinct from any thing he then saw.)

"Well, *avich*, an' sure I didn't say any thing was on it wrong; or any thing to make you look so quare, an' spake so sthrange to your father, this mornin';—only I ax you, Michaul, over agin, who has took such a sudd'n likin' to us, to send us the good break'ast?—an' answer me sthraight, Michaul—what is id to be, that you call it so *good*?"

"The good mate, father:"—he was again passing the threshold.

"Stop!" cried his father; "stop, an' turn fornent me. Mate?—the good mate?—What 'ud bring mate into our poor house, Michaul? Tell me, I bid you again an' again, who is to give id to you?"

"Why, as I said afore, father, a body that——"

"A body that thieved id, Michaul Carroll!" added the old

* What are you about.

man, as his son hesitated, walking close up to the culprit; "a body that thieved id, an' no other body. Don't think to blind me, Michaul. I am ould, to be sure; but sense enough is left in me to look round among the neighbours, in my own mind, an' know that none of 'em that has the will, has the power to send us the mate for our break'ast, in an honest way. An' I don't say, outright, that you had the same thought wid me, when you consented to take it from a thief—I don't mean to say that you'd go to turn a thief's recaiver, at this hour o' your life, an' afther growin' up from a boy to a man widout bringin' a spot o' shame on yourself, or on your weenock, or on one of us. No; I won't say that. Your heart was scalded, Michaul, an' your mind was darkened, for a start; an' the thought o' getting comfort for the ould father, an' for the little son, made you consent in a hurry, widout lookin' well afore you, or widout lookin' up to your good God."

"Father, father, let me alone! don't spake them words to me," interrupted Michaul, sitting on a stool, and spreading his large and hard hands over his face.

"Well, thin, an' I won't, *avich*; I won't;—nothin' to throuble you, sure: I didn't mean id;—only this, *a-vourneen*, don't bring a mouthfu' of the bad, unlucky victuals into this cabin; the pyaties, the wild berries o' the bush, the wild roots o' the arth, will be sweeter to us, Michaul; the hunger itself will be sweeter; an' when we give God thanks afther our poor meal, or afther no meal at all, our hearts will be lighter, and our hopes for to-morrow sthronger, *avich-ma-chree*, than if we faisted on the fat o' the land, but could'nt ax a blessin' on our faist."

"Well, thin, I won't, either, father; I won't:—an' sure you have your way now. I'll only go out a little while from you—to beg; or else, as you say, to root down in the ground, with my nails, like a baste-brute, for our break'ast."

"My *vourneen* you are, Michaul, an' my blessin' on your head; yes, to be sure, *avich*, beg, an' I'll beg wid you—sorrow a shame is in that:—No; but a good deed, Michaul, when its done to keep us honest. So come; we'll go among the christhins together. Only, before we go, Michaul, my own dear son, tell me—tell one thing."

"What, father?" Michaul began to suspect.

"Never be afraid to tell me, Michaul Carroll, *ma-bauchal*? I won't—I can't be angry wid you now. You are sorry; an' your Father in heaven forgives you, and so do I. But you know, *avich*, there would be danger in quitting the place widout hidin' well every scrap of any thing that could tell on us."

"Tell on us! What can tell on us?" demanded Michaul;
"what's in the place to tell on us?"

"Nothin' in the cabin, I know, Michaul; but——"

"But what, father?"

"Have you left nothing in the way, out there?" whispered the old man, pointing towards the barn.

"Out there? Where? What? What do you mean at all, now, father? Sure you know its your ownself has kep me from as much as laying a hand on it."

"Ay, to-day-mornin'; bud you laid a hand on it last night, *avich*, an' so——"

"*Curp-an-duoul!*" imprecated Michaul—"this is too bad, at any rate; no I didn't—last night, or any other night—let me alone, I bid you, father."

"Come back again, Michaul," commanded old Carroll, as the son once more hurried to the door: and his words were instantly obeyed. Michaul, after a glance abroad, and a start, which the old man did not notice, paced to the middle of the floor, hanging his head, and saying in a low voice—"Hushth, now, father—it's time."

"No, Michaul, I will not hushth; an' it is not time; come out with me to the barn."

"Hushth!" repeated Michaul, whispering sharply: he had glanced sideways to the square patch of strong morning sun-light on the ground of the cabin, defined there by the shape of the open door, and saw it intruded upon by the shadow of a man's bust leaning forward in an earnest posture.

"Is id in your mind to go back into your sin, Michaul, an' tell me you were not in the barn, at day-break, the mornin'?" asked his father, still unconscious of a reason for silence.

"Arrah, hushth, ould man!" Michaul made a hasty sign towards the door, but was disregarded.

"I saw you in id," pursued old Carroll, sternly: "ay, and at your work in id, too."

"What's that you're sayin', ould Peery Carroll?" demanded a well-known voice.

"Enough—to hang his son," whispered Michaul to his father, as Mr. Evans's land-steward, followed by his herdsman and two policemen, entered the cabin. In a few minutes afterwards, the policemen had in charge the dismembered carcass of the sheep, dug up out of the floor of the barn, and were escorting Michaul, handcuffed, to the county gaol, in the vicinity of the next town. They could find no trace of the animal's skin, though they sought

attentively for it; and this seemed to disappoint them and the steward a good deal.

From the moment that they entered the cabin, till their departure, old Carroll did not speak a word. Without knowing it, as it seemed, he sat down on his straw bed, and remained staring stupidly around him, or at one or another of his visitors. When Michaul was about to leave the wretched abode, he paced quickly towards his father, and holding out his ironed hands, and turning his cheek for a kiss, said, smiling miserably, "God be wid you, father, dear." Still the old man was silent, and the prisoner and all his attendants passed out on the road. But it was then the agony of old Carroll assumed a distinctness. Uttering a fearful cry, he snatched up his still sleeping little grandson, ran with the boy in his arms till he overtook Michaul; and, kneeling down before him in the dust, said, "I ax pardon o' you, *avich*—won't you tell me I have id afore you go? an' here, I've brought little Peery for you to kiss; you forgot *him, a-tourneen*."

"No, father, I didn't," answered Michaul, as he stooped to kiss the child; "an' get up, father, get up; my hands are not my own, or I wouldn't let you do that afore your son. Get up, there's nothin' for you to throuble yourself about; that is, I mean, I have nothin' to forgive you: no, but every thing to be thankful for, an' to love you for; you were always an' ever the good father to me; an' ——" The many strong and bitter feelings which till now he had almost perfectly kept in, found full vent, and poor Michaul could not go on. The parting from his father, however, so different from what it had promised to be, comforted him. The old man held him in his arms, and wept on his neck. They were separated with difficulty.

Peery Carroll, sitting on the road-side after he lost sight of the prisoner, and holding his screaming grandson on his knees, thought the cup of his trials was full. By his imprudence he had fixed the proof of guilt on his own child; that reflection was enough for him, and he could indulge it only generally. But he was yet to conceive distinctly in what dilemma he had involved himself as well as Michaul. The policemen came back to compel his appearance before the magistrate; and when the little child had been disposed of in a neighbouring cabin, he understood, to his consternation and horror, that he was to be the chief witness against the sheep-stealer. Mr. Evans's steward knew well the meaning of the words he had overheard him say in the cabin, and that if compelled to swear all he was aware of, no doubt would exist of the criminality of Michaul, in the eyes of a jury. "'Tis

a sthrange thing to ax a father to do," muttered Peery, more than once, as he proceeded to the magistrates; "it's a very sthrange thing."

The magistrate proved to be a humane man. Notwithstanding the zeal of the steward and the policemen, he committed Michaul for trial, without continuing to press the hesitating and bewildered old Peery into any detailed evidence; his nature seemed to rise against the task, and he said to the steward, "I have enough of facts for making out a committal; if you think the father will be necessary on the trial, subpœna him."

The steward objected that Peery would abscond, and demanded to have him bound over to prosecute, on two sureties, solvent and respectable. The magistrate assented; Peery could name no bail; and consequently he also was marched to prison, though prohibited from holding the least intercourse with Michaul.

The assizes soon came on. Michaul was arraigned; and, during his plea of "not guilty," his father appeared, unseen by him, in the gaoler's custody, at the back of the dock, or rather in an inner dock. The trial excited a keen and painful interest in the court, the bar, the jury-box, and the crowds of spectators. It was universally known that a son had stolen a sheep, partly to feed a starving father; and that out of the mouth of that father it was now sought to condemn him. "What will the old man do?" was the general question which ran through the assembly; and while few of the lower orders could contemplate the possibility of his swearing to the truth, many of their betters scarce hesitated to make out for him a case of natural necessity to swear falsely.

The trial began. The first witness, the herdsman, proved the loss of the sheep, and the finding the dismembered carcass in the old barn. The policemen and the steward followed to the same effect, and the latter added the allusions which he had heard the father make to the son, upon the morning of the arrest of the latter. The steward went down from the table. There was a pause, and complete silence, which the attorney for the prosecution broke by saying to the crier, deliberately, "Call Peery Carroll."

"Here, sir," immediately answered Peery, as the gaoler led him by a side-door, out of the back dock, to the table. The prisoner started round; but the new witness against him had passed for an instant into the crowd.

The next instant, old Peery was seen ascending the table, assisted by the gaoler, and by many other commiserating hands,

near him. Every glance fixed on his face. The barristers looked wistfully up from their seats round the table; the judge put a glass to his eye, and seemed to study his features attentively. Among the audience, there ran a low but expressive murmur of pity and interest.

Though much emaciated by confinement, anguish, and suspense, Peery's cheeks had a flush, and his weak blue eyes glittered. The half-gaping expression of his parched and haggard lips was miserable to see. And yet he did not tremble much, nor appear so confounded as upon the day of his visit to the magistrate.

The moment he stood upright on the table, he turned himself fully to the judge, without a glance towards the dock.

"Sit down, sit down, poor man," said the judge.

"Thanks to you, my lord, I will," answered Peery, "only, first, I'd ax you to let me kneel, for a little start;" and he accordingly did kneel, and after bowing his head, and forming the sign of the cross on his forehead, he looked up, and said, "My judge in heaven above, 'tis you I pray to keep me to my duty, afore my earthly judge, this day;—amen;" and then repeating the sign of the cross, he seated himself.

The examination of the witness commenced, and humanely proceeded as follows—(the counsel for the prosecution taking no notice of the superfluity of Peery's answers).

"Do you know Michaul, or Michael, Carroll, the prisoner at the bar?"

"Afore that night, sir, I believed I knew him well; every thought of his mind, every bit of the heart in his body; afore that night, no living cratur could throw a word at Michaul Carroll, or say he ever forgot his father's renown, or his love of his good God; an' sure the people are afther telling you by this time, how it come about that night—an' you, my lord—an' ye, gintlemen—an' all good christians that hear me—here I am to help to hang him—my own boy, and my only one—but, for all that, gintlemen, ye ought to think of it; 'twas for the weenock and the ould father that he done it; indeed, an'deed, we had'nt a pyatee in the place; an' the sickness was among us, a start afore; it took the wife from him, and another babby; an' id had himself down, a week or so beforehand; an' all that day, he was looking for work, but could'nt get a hand's turn to do; an' that's the way it was; not a mouthful for me an' little Peery; an', more betoken, he grew sorry for id, in the mornin', an' promised me not to touch a scrap of what was in the barn—ay, long afore the stew-

ard an' the peelers came on us—but was willin' to go among the neighbours an' beg our breakfast, along wid myself, from door to door, sooner than touch it."

"It is my painful duty," resumed the barrister, when Peery would at length cease, "to ask you for closer information. You saw Michael Carroll in the barn, that night?"

"*Musha*—The Lord pity him and me—I did, sir."

"Doing what?"

"The sheep between his hands," answered Peery, dropping his head, and speaking almost inaudibly.

"I must still give you pain, I fear;—stand up; take the crier's rod; and if you see Michael Carroll in court, lay it on his head."

"*Och, musha, musha*, sir, don't ax me to do that!" pleaded Peery, rising, wringing his hands, and, for the first time, weeping—"och, don't, my lord, don't, and may your own judgment be favourable, the last day."

"I am sorry to command you to do it, witness, but you must take the rod," answered the judge, bending his head close to his notes, to hide his own tears; and at the same time, many a veteran barrister rested his forehead on the edge of the table. In the body of the court were heard sobs.

"Michaul, *avich!* Michaul, *a corra-ma-chree!*" exclaimed Peery, when at length he took the rod, and faced round to his son—"is id your father they make to do it, *ma-bauchal?*"

"My father does what is right," answered Michaul, in Irish. The judge immediately asked to have his words translated; and when he learned their import, regarded the prisoner with satisfaction.

"We rest here, my lord," said the counsel, with the air of a man freed from a painful task.

The judge instantly turned to the jury-box.

"Gentlemen of the jury—That the prisoner at the bar stole the sheep in question, there can be no shade of moral doubt. But you have a very peculiar case to consider. A son steals a sheep that his own famishing father and his own famishing son may have food. His aged parent is compelled to give evidence against him here for the act. The old man virtuously tells the truth, and the whole truth, before you and me. He sacrifices his natural feelings—and we have seen that they are lively—to his honesty, and to his religious sense of the sacred obligations of an oath. Gentlemen, I will pause to observe, that the old man's conduct is strikingly exemplary, and even noble. It teaches all

of us a lesson. Gentlemen, it is not within the province of a judge to censure the rigour of the proceedings which have sent him before us. But I venture to anticipate your pleasure that, notwithstanding all the evidence given, you will be enabled to acquit that old man's son, the prisoner at the bar. I have said there cannot be the shade of a moral doubt that he has stolen the sheep, and I repeat the words. But, gentlemen, there is a legal doubt, to the full benefit of which he is entitled. The sheep has not been identified. The herdsman could not venture to identify it (and it would have been strange if he could) from the dismembered limbs found in the barn. To his mark on its skin, indeed, he might have positively spoken; but no skin has been discovered. Therefore, according to the evidence, and you have sworn to decide by that alone, the prisoner is entitled to your acquittal. Possibly, now that the prosecutor sees the case in its full bearing, he may be pleased with this result."

While the jury, in evident satisfaction, prepared to return their verdict, Mr. Evans, who had but a moment before returned home, entered the court, and becoming aware of the concluding words of the judge, expressed his sorrow aloud, that the prosecution had ever been undertaken; that circumstances had kept him uninformed of it, though it had gone on in his name; and he begged leave to assure his lordship that it would be his future effort to keep Michael Carroll in his former path of honesty, by finding him honest and ample employment, and, as far as in him lay, to reward the virtue of the old father.

While Peery Carroll was laughing and crying in a breath, in the arms of his delivered son, a subscription, commenced by the bar, was mounting into a considerable sum for his advantage.

LINES

ON THE LAMENTED DEATH OF LADY MILTON.

BREATHLESS and pale! would Heav'n no longer lend
The best companion and the dearest friend?
From all our baffled hopes so rudely torn,
Thou leav'st us long to wonder, long to mourn!
Through all the various scenes the muses rove,
The peopled town, or the sequester'd grove,
Amidst the sylvan choir, or courtly throng,
They ne'er found one so worthy of their song;
Never such truth with so much sweetness join'd,
Never so tender, yet so firm a mind:
Such gentle manners, such refin'd good sense!
Grave without frowns, and gay without offence!
A form adorned with ev'ry pleasing grace,
A soul where ev'ry virtue held a place:

The vestal's purity, without her pride;
 The court's high breeding, not as there applied.
 Judgment with candour, wit which ne'er revil'd,
 Zeal cloth'd in meekness, piety which smil'd;
 In ev'ry look, in ev'ry act were seen
 The innocence and peace that reign'd within.
 Go, spotless shade, with noblest honours blest,
 With glory crowned, in robes of virtue drest,
 Go seek thy own, thy kindred realms above,
 Seats, like thy breast, of harmony and love.
 There, where no moths corrupt, no thieves infest,
 In endless sunshine, and in endless rest,
 Gaily triumphant in a blest relief
 From future chance, from sickness, and from grief,
 Beyond the reach of malice, power, or pride,
 By angels greeted, and to saints allied,
 Past days with joy revolving in her mind,—
 Oh! how she pities those she leaves behind.

M. .

THE REBEL.

By James Whittle.

(From the "Winter's Wreath.")

Il etoit comme un beau cheval, qui n'a point de bouche; son courage le poussoit au hazard, la sagesse ne moderait pas sa valeur.—*Telemaque.*

IN a period of the last century ever to be remembered in Ireland, Philip Mahon, the representative of a respectable family, and the inheritor of an ample patrimony, held a distinguished rank among the country gentlemen of the champagne county of —. The independence of his sentiments, no less than of his fortunes, left him nothing to desire from the favour of the court; his disinterested and useful ambition was fully gratified by the honour of representing his Majesty on the bench of justices, and by the deference which was paid to his opinion by his brethren of the *quorum*; a deference to which his early habits of attention to business, and his long practice in its details had fully entitled him; though he chose rather to refer it to his having, while his father's life interfered between the expectancy and possession of his ample fortunes, assumed the honours of the gown, and opened more than one case at the assizes of his native county. Since his brother justices did not inquire how much of the learning of the law he retained, when he laid aside its symbols, we need not; he at least had not forgotten the convivial humour and anecdote of the bar; and when, to these qualifications, and to those we have before described, we add the easy confidence of a man early trained to the world; the frank and unaffected courtesy of manner, the liberal hospitality with which he did the honours of his house,—

and what is not to be overlooked, his skill in the mysteries of draining land, and breeding cattle; and above all, a proficiency, in which he yielded to none of his compeers, in the science of the chase, we may estimate the consideration in which he was held among them. But he was even less respected by his equals in rank than he was beloved and revered by the people. A judicious, as well as generous landlord, he entered into the interests of his tenantry, he encouraged their industry, promoted and assisted their improvements, and was always ready to lighten the burden of casualties by taking a part of the load on his own shoulders. As a magistrate, he never sought to wrest the law to his authority, except in cases where its severity bore hard upon the humble, and where humanity dictated that mercy should temper justice. In matters of local dispute, the equity of his decisions was proverbial; he became the general arbiter of all the jarring interests of his vicinage, and seldom indeed was there an appeal from his judgment.

In any other country, the respect which the people entertained for him, would have ripened into an attachment, which nothing could have shaken; but there was that in the political constitution of Ireland which forbade this to be; and events soon proved how vainly the claims of individual character seek to reunite the links of society, when they are severed by the circumstances of a political relation, which places every member of one class inevitably, however involuntarily, in the position of a wrong doer to every member of another.

The early events of the French Revolution, which seemed to open an æra auspicious to the happiness of mankind, which dissolved the chains of feudal tyranny in the breath of popular opinion, and promised the peaceful improvement and reconstruction of the most ancient monarchy of Europe, darted new light into the minds of the people of all the surrounding nations; once more appealed to them as the source of power and authority, and fermenting in the thoughts of men, appeared to threaten the whole fabric of European society with a resolution into new and untried forms.

As there was no country in which power had been more abused than in Ireland, so there was none in which the doctrines of popular right, when preached for the first time, were devoured with greedier ears. The hostilities of different classes of the people, the views of different discontented parties were then, for the first time, mingled in a general, though secret determination for a struggle for national independence, and a free republic.

Such were the objects of the heads of the confederacy ; the people, too generally in circumstances and in a disposition which left them little to fear from change, easily caught the hopes that were held out to them ; the weaker voice of those who were still anxious to stay revolution by timely concession, was drowned in the clamours of parties now ranged in deadly hostility to each other, and precipitated to extremities by interests, prejudices, and passions, that would not admit a compromise. The contagion crept silently through the people. It influenced last those whose present circumstances gave them the most to abandon for the chances of change ; but it still gradually pervaded all the lower ranks, till the county and the tenantry of Philip Mahon were involved in the designs and the fortunes of the United Irishmen.

His habits of thought, his principles, his predilections, no less than his interests, ranged their landlord, without a moment's hesitation, on the side of the government. His known loyalty placed him beyond impeachment or suspicion, his integrity and humanity preserved his influence among the people ; and his weight with both parties fixed him in the happy situation of a moderator, and enabled him to prevent those furious ebullitions of mingled fear, suspicion, and wrath, into which the local and military commanders of other districts were hurried ; and which, extinguishing the charities of nature, taught the minds of the people to gloat on the thoughts of a future and dreadful retribution.

Using, for the laws' defence, the powers with which they invested him, he neither sought nor exercised a new authority ; active and energetic in suppressing all commotion, he performed the part of a faithful magistrate, but disdained to foment, by treachery or hired espionage, the plots which were gathering round him. Calm and collected, he watched the coming storm, determined that whatever it might sweep before it, his own integrity should survive the wreck. What blood and tears had been spared the country, had Ireland been then ruled in such a spirit !

It was on the 27th of May, in the memorable year 1798, that he was assembled with his brother magistrates, to determine on the steps which the portentous appearance of the country rendered necessary to counteract an immediate movement, when a messenger arrived with the news of the first success of the insurgents in Wicklow under Priest Murphy of Balavogue. It could not be doubted that the peasantry were already in possession of intelligence which would be so welcome to them, and that it would pre-

precipitate them into some act of open hostility to the government. Arrangements were made for the most effectual disposition of the military force for the purpose of controuling it ; and Mahon, as a last effort, to prevent the effusion of blood, determined to take upon himself the charge of a personal interview with the head of the government, in order to provide for the most prompt and effective movements, in case of their being driven to the last resort ; and to obtain in the meantime, renewed assurances of indemnity for all who would return in time to their allegiance. His carriage was at the door of the county court-house, where the meeting had been held ; the horses' heads were turned towards Dublin, and he set out with the determination of arriving there that night, and returning to his post in the morning, to meet the events of the coming day.

On reaching town, he left his carriage at his own house, to afford the men and horses as much time as possible for refreshment, and proceeded at once to the castle. Though it was eleven o'clock, he found the yard still crowded with equipages and servants, and military messengers. The council were sitting in conference on the news of hostile movements received from all parts of the country, giving occasional audience to many who arrived on errands similar to his own, and despatching orders and instructions in all directions. After a delay which seemed to his impatience immeasurably tedious, and every moment of which was, to his imagination, crowded with many dangers, he was admitted to an audience. He briefly pointed out the necessity of an immediate increase and concentration of the military force in the quarter from which he came, and was dismissed, with assurances of support, and with ample powers to include whomsoever he might think proper in the general amnesty. When he returned to his house, he found his lady standing in the hall, impatiently awaiting his arrival, and prepared, at all risks, to accompany him on his departure. He so little apprehended personal danger, that he offered no opposition, and in a few moments he was again upon the road.

The sun was just rising as he repassed the borders of his own county. He had, the day before, observed the fields, usually so busy at this season of the year, abandoned by the husbandman, the preparation for the future neglected, and men, women, and children, scattered in listless groups, as if in the determination not to toil on the crop which they might never gather. The indications were now even more formidable. The hills were here and there occupied by numerous bodies, without much of military

splendour, or military order; but which the reflection of the morning beams from their steel-headed pikes proclaimed prepared to try their strength with the forces of the king. The road was crowded with the carriages of many travellers, who seemed flying to a place of safety; while the foot passengers, avoiding the open road, and all in arms, were proceeding across the fields, singly, or in small groups, to their places of general *rendezvous*.

Mahon half repented of his brief absence; he looked anxiously forward for some indication that the authorities and the troops were also in motion; and was occupied, now in urging the postilion to his utmost speed, and now in soothing the rising alarms of the companion of his journey, when, at a sudden turn in the road, where it was contracted between two hills, he found the way completely filled by an armed body, who were advancing in good order; the first ranks filled with familiar faces, and the whole under the command of Kennedy, the most trusted and valued of his farm servants.

As they exchanged the glance of mutual recognition, both parties stopped involuntarily. The rebels neither obstructed the carriage, nor opened the way to let it pass. Mr. Mahon instantly threw open the door, and alighted; his lady, half-reassured by the countenances of those on whom she had lavished a thousand acts of kindness, half distrusting their now hostile appearance, hesitated whether to withhold or to accompany him, and with one foot upon the steps, hung in the deepest agitation on his shoulder. Supporting her, and, at the same time, re-seating her with a gentle violence in the carriage, he encouraged her only by pressing her hand in his own, as Kennedy advanced towards him—his pike in his left hand, his hat in his right, with a demeanour full of confidence, but more than usually respectful. The manly open countenance of the rustic was raised, and his full, steady eye was brightened with that enthusiasm which the boldness of his enterprise, and the expectation of the coming fight might be expected to breathe into minds of coarser mould than Kennedy's; his motions were marked by the untaught grace which nature sometimes confers upon a perfect form; and while reverence for his recent master checked the exultation of his heart, and tempered the triumph of his looks, he appeared with an air of as "dignified submission" as ever graced a votary of chivalry.

"Good God! Kennedy!" exclaimed the magistrate, "what madness possesses you, and whither do you lead these people?"

"Our madness, sir," replied he, "is the love of Ireland; and

we go to fight for our religion and equal laws, to drive out the stranger, and to make our country what she ought to be—free and happy.”

“Foolish men!” cried Mr. Mahon, earnestly, “you go to ruin, you are dragging destruction on your own heads. What do you complain of, or what can you accomplish? Hear me, good countrymen; return, while you are yet safe, to your homes and to your duty. I know there are brave men amongst you, but what can you effect with arms like these against the king’s forces, and against a train of artillery that will sweep you into dust? They are already in the field; your friends will be dispersed before you can join them; you only go to share their flight, to spill your blood in vain, and to bring misery upon your helpless families. It was but this morning that I left the lord lieutenant; I hold here in my hand a written assurance of pardon for every man whom I choose to include in the gracious promise. Turn back with me, while it is yet time; and, on the word of a man and the honour of a gentleman, not a hair of your heads shall be injured!”

Kennedy, who had stood aside whilst Mr. Mahon thus addressed the people, now turned himself towards them. “My friends, you hear the words of a man, who never gave you bad counsel, who never broke a promise made to you. Let no man say that Kennedy stood between him and safety: if you choose to return, no harm will reach you. You may sit in safety under the shelter of the roofs that others are fighting to make your own. If you choose to return—”

He was here interrupted by a voice from the more distant crowd, “What traitor talks of turning? Will the coward sell us to his master? Down with the Sassenach!”

Some pikes were brandished, and while those who knew him stood irresolute, a threatening movement was made towards the carriage by some strangers of the party. Kennedy, advancing his pike, leaped in their way, and shouted aloud, “Would you draw the wrath of God, and the curse of innocent blood, on yourselves and on your cause? What villain would raise his hand against the poor man’s friend? Who dares call Kennedy a traitor? March against the troops who are in arms to meet you, and the last drop of my blood shall be poured out by your side. But will you murder in cold blood the best landlord in Ireland? The man that lays a hand upon Mr. Mahon must step across my body!”

The assassins shrank abashed from the encounter of his spear

and eye. He took advantage of the moment, turned, and assisted Mr. Mahon into his carriage, who, seeing remonstrance vain, submitted in silence ; as Kennedy closed the door, he fervently ejaculated, " You are safe, thank God ! Go ; and may the blessing of Heaven attend you. We cannot turn back from the business we have in hand ; but, come what will, we have not forgot the kind friend, and generous landlord." The ranks opened in silence ; the carriage passed rapidly on, and by another turn in the defile was hidden from the rebels, as with a unanimous shout, they again set forward on their march.

Mr. Mahon soon arrived at his mansion, which he found in the occupation, and under the protection of a detachment of soldiers. He had the satisfaction of learning, that the designs of the insurgents had been anticipated, that the troops were afoot, and so disposed as to intercept the different bodies on their march and prevent their junction in formidable numbers ; and at the same time so as to admit, if necessary, of prompt concentration. In this county the rebellion was controlled rather than suppressed ; the detached bodies of the peasantry were in general dispersed, almost without the effusion of blood, and finding their plans counteracted, frequently separated on the mere appearance of the military.

Most of the tenants of Mr. Mahon had, before the next evening, quietly and separately regained their homes. Many, however, were missing ; and amongst these Kennedy. It soon transpired that they had joined the main body of the insurgents, which alone had made a serious stand ; and at the foot of a hill, where they had taken up their position, for awhile resisted the king's forces. Kennedy was seen in the foremost ranks, fighting with a desperate courage ; and when the cavalry, after renewed charges, had found a passage through their lines in the dreadful gaps that were opened by the grape shot of the artillery, and they again attempted to rally on the summit of the hill, he was every where conspicuous in his efforts to cheer the courage and to reanimate the hopes of his comrades ; to stop the flying, and to induce them, by every appeal that example or entreaty could urge, to turn once more against the foe. When it was found that all was lost ; and when the scattered remnant, who had gathered together, in disorder and trepidation, on the brow of that fatal hill, were silently and rapidly dispersing, to escape the renewed attack that was about to be made upon them, and which was only suspended until the cavalry had breathed their horses, and restored their ranks, he was seen the last and alone, still

turned in dogged and stupified resolution towards the enemy, shaking his pike with the fury of a disappointed lion.

Whether he subsequently retreated, or whether the troops, pursuing the more collected fugitives, disdained to turn aside and follow a single man, or that being alone he escaped their observation, was not known. He did not, however, perish in the fight. He retired alone from the field under cover of the night: the thoughts of his slaughtered countrymen, and of his disappointed hopes, deriving probably new bitterness from the recollection of the warning and the promised safety in the morning. Whether in desponding self-reproach, or desirous of taking his last look at earthly objects among scenes that once were dear and familiar to him, he returned to the edge of a pool which divided the lawn before the mansion of his honoured master; and standing in full view of the house, he drew a handkerchief over his face, and plunged headlong into the water.

In a few days his body was discovered, and proclaimed his fate, which had hitherto been unknown. The remains were decently interred by the order of Mr. Mahon, and covered with a modest stone which is yet without an epitaph, but over which the sympathising traditions of the country people still relate the story of his gentleness, his prowess, and his fate.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

Conversations of James Northcote, Esq. R. A. By William Hazlitt. Post 8vo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

THESE "Conversations" are not only replete with amusing and instructive anecdote, but they are highly valuable, inasmuch as that they render us familiar with the private characters and opinions of such men as Sir Joshua Reynolds, Godwin, and Opie. Their manner and matter, also, are most agreeably diversified. It might have been imagined that they would have run entirely on painting and painters; but, on the contrary, poetry, romance, and philosophy, have their full share in the high and intellectual treat which is contained in this delightful work. And then again we enjoy so accurate a transcript of that healthy and vigorous mind which, unimpaired by extreme old age, is still full of thought, and fire, and freshness. The resolute veteran, Northcote, has outlived his biographer, and has just completed his *Life of Titian*, a work, no doubt, of considerable labour. We regret that we have not yet seen it, but hope to be able to give our readers an account of it in our next.

The Aldine Poets. Henry Kirke White. London, 1830.
Pickering.

Henry Kirke White, the subject of the present number of Mr. Pickering's valuable work, has long since found his way to the affections of most readers of piety, sensibility, and taste. We are, however, desirous to devote a few observations to the life and writings of the youthful bard, since he has not altogether escaped either the severity of criticism, or the contempt with which the worldly and impatient in spirit oftentimes survey a genius at variance with their own wild and reckless imaginings. There is a sickliness, too, in the taste of some, which renders them incapable of admiring aught that is not arrayed in the tinsel ornaments of an over-heated fancy, or lost amid the bewilderment of feelings stretched beyond the possibility of sober endurance.

Du nectar idéal sitôt qu'alle a goûté,
La Nature repugne à la réalité.

And they derive no enjoyment from the contemplation of a well-directed imagination. Like the nervous and fanciful invalid, they must resort perpetually to stimulants.

Had Henry Kirke White lived until his mind had ripened into maturity, and the experience and reflections of manhood had added to the dignified simplicity of his youthful genius, he would no doubt, if we may be allowed to judge from the splendour of his mental dawn, have ranked high among the poets of England. He would have overcome too, perhaps, that extreme sensitiveness and timidity which, although they have been much contemned in him by critics of a certain order, were at his age graces rather than blemishes, and accorded well with the modest pretensions of the bard of christianity. Like Cowper, he would in all probability have devoted himself to the good of mankind—he would have arrayed religious truth in a garb calculated “to catch the triflers of the times.” As it was, his days were numbered, and immortality received him at the moment when the brightness of his youthful promise was beginning to develop itself.

Exaggerated praise and undeserved censure, although they may succeed for a time in diverting from its just standard the proper estimate of public taste, cannot long withstand the deliberate fiat of right reason. And notwithstanding the contemptible and soulless attack of the *Monthly Review* of the period in which he wrote, and the present light and flippant ridicule of some critics, who are more learned perhaps than wise and graceful, we hesitate not to declare our conviction that Henry Kirke White pos-

essed in no ordinary degree the great requisites of a poet—imagination, a just discrimination, and a pure and elegant taste.

“ Unhappy White! While life was in its spring,
And thy young muse just wav'd her joyous wing,
The spoiler came; and all thy promise fair
Has sought the grave, to sleep for ever there.
Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
When Science' self destroy'd her fav'rite son!
Yes, she too much indulg'd thy fond pursuit,
She sow'd the seeds, but death has reap'd the fruit.
'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,
And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low:
So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart:
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nurs'd the pinion which impell'd the steel,
While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest,
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.”

The Water Witch, or the Skimmer of the Seas.—A Tale. By the Author of “*The Borderers*,” “*The Prairie*,” &c. &c. 3 Vols. London. Colburn and Bentley.

It is almost impossible that any thing altogether devoid of interest should emanate from the pen of Mr. Cooper; and we always look forward with pleasure to the appearance of any new work of his. We do not, however, by any means deem “*The Water Witch*” one of his most successful efforts; on the contrary, it displays not his usual power, nor is it fraught with so high a degree of general interest as that which characterizes most of his former productions. The introduction of the “*Skimmer of the Seas*,” the outlawed smuggler, is made with good effect, and his bold and careless bearing—his calmness and decision—his firm and indomitable character in the midst of the greatest dangers—are admirably delineated. The youthful Ludlow, too, the commander of the royal cruiser, the *Coquette*, is well drawn, and the noble and generous feelings under which he invariably acts, render him a favourite almost at first sight; while the fond fidelity of his attachment to “*la Belle Barbérie*,” under some very discouraging appearances, heightens the impression in his favour. The picture of the veteran seaman, given in that of *Trysail*, the sailing-master of the cruiser, is also good. *Alida*, or “*la Belle Barbérie*,” is described as a beautiful, amiable, and high-spirited girl, but withal we think her a little too tame, and, perhaps, circumstances considered, a little too reserved. Mr.

Van Staats, the Patroon of Kinderhook, is a most dull and unentertaining personage. He is always in the way of some one better, and is introduced and withdrawn from various scenes without exciting, by his presence or absence, either pleasure or regret; and the wily, avaricious Van Beverout, is almost as bad; while the faithful and confiding Eudora carries every heart with her when she quits friends and fortune to unite herself to the destinies of an outcast and condemned, though high-minded and generous, outlaw.

The chase of the Brigantine, the Skimmer's vessel, by the Coquette, commencing in the middle of the third volume, is, in our opinion, the best written, the most descriptive, and by far the most interesting, portion of the work. Here, indeed, the author displays his best powers, and, as if conscious of something very nearly resembling a failure in many of the preceding chapters, seems determined to redeem himself, and crowds together a succession of events so full of animation and deep interest, that he bears along with him to the last page the sympathy and admiration of the reader.

We purposely abstain from giving any outline of the story, that we may not abridge the pleasure of the perusal.

Maxwell, a Story of the Middle Ranks. By the Author of "*Sayings and Doings.*" London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

We have read this work with a strange mixture of pleasure and disappointment. While we have caught ourselves absolutely in the very act of laughing at the sketches of the merciless caricaturist, (for such is Mr. Hook to all intents and purposes,) we have experienced a degree of dissatisfaction in the very midst of our mirth, which we can scarcely account for. We were pleased, and yet not pleased. We admire the talent, the wit of the writer, yet still we feel that he might appropriate them better.

There is very little plot in "*Maxwell,*" and what there is, is destitute of interest; but the talk, the descriptions, &c. are always well finished, and very often highly amusing. We present the following sketch to our readers, which may be received as one of the best in the book—it is an exquisite morsel in its way:—

"I have said thus much to show, that in a family like Mr. Palmer's, the non-arrival of the 'company' would have been a severe disappointment. Mrs. Overall was known to be a lady of fortune, used to every thing 'nice and comfortable;' she kept her own carriage, her men servants, and all that: and therefore they must be very particular, and have everything uncommonly nice for *her*—and so Miss Palmer, the night before, had a white

basin of hot water up into the parlour to bleach almonds, with which to stick a 'tipsey cake,' after the fashion of a hedgehog, and Mrs. Palmer sent to the pastrycook's for some raspberry jam, to make creams in little jelly glasses, looking like inverted extinguishers; and spent half the morning in whipping up froth with a cane whisk to put on their tops like shaving lather. And Miss Palmer cut bits of paper, and curled them with the scissors to put round the 'wax-ends' in the glass lustres on the chimney-piece, and the three-cornered lamp in the drawing-room was taken out of its brown holland bag, and the maid set to clean it, on a pair of rickety steps; and the cases were taken off the bell-pulls, and the picture-frames were dusted, and the covers taken off the card-tables, all in honour of the approaching *fête*.

"Then came the agonies of the father, mother, and daughter, just about five o'clock of the day itself, when the drawing-room chimney smoked; and apprehensions assailed them lest the fish should be overdone; the horrors excited by a noise in the kitchen as if the cod's head and shoulders had tumbled into the sand on the floor; that cod's head and shoulders which Mr. Palmer had himself gone to the fishmonger's to buy, and in determining the excellence of which, had poked his fingers into fifty cods, and forty turbot, to ascertain which was firmest, freshest, and best; and then the tremor caused by the stoppages of different hackney coaches in the neighbourhood, not to speak of the smell of roasted mutton, which pervaded the whole house, intermingled with an occasional whiff of celery, attributable to the assiduous care of Mrs. Palmer, who always mixed the salad herself, and smelt of it all the rest of the day; the disagreeable discovery just made that the lamp on the staircase would not burn, the slight inebriation of the cook, bringing into full play a latent animosity towards the housemaid, founded on jealousy, and soothed by the mediation of the neighbouring green-grocer, hired for five shillings to wait at table on the great occasion.

"Just as the Major and Mrs. Overall actually drove up, the said attendant green-grocer, the Cock Pomona of the neighbourhood, had *just* stepped out to the public-house, to fetch 'the porter.' The door was of course opened by the housemaid. The afternoon being windy, the tallow candle which she held was instantaneously blown out, at the same instant the back kitchen door was blown to, with a tremendous noise, occasioning, by the concussion, the fall of a pile of plates, put on the dresser ready to be carried up into the parlour, and the overthrow of a modicum of oysters, in a blue basin, which were subsequently, but with

difficulty, gathered up individually from the floor by the hands of the cook, and converted in due season into sauce, for the before-mentioned cod's head and shoulders.

"At this momentous crisis, the green-grocer (acting waiter) returned with two pots of Meux and Co.'s Entire, upon the tops of which stood heads, not a little resembling the whipped stuff upon the raspberry creams—open goes the door again, puff goes the wind, and off go the 'heads' of the porter pots, into the faces of the refined Major Overall, and his adorable bride, who was disrobing at the foot of the stairs.

"The major, who was a man of the world, and had seen society in all its grades, bore the pelting of this pitiless storm with magnanimity and without surprise; but Jane, whose sphere of motion had been somewhat more limited, and who had encountered but very little variety either of scene or action, beyond the every day routine of a quiet country house, enlivened periodically by a six weeks trip to London, was somewhat astounded at the noise and confusion, the banging of doors, the clattering of crockery, and the confusion of tongues, which the untimely arrival of the company and the porter at the same moment, had occasioned; nor was the confusion less confounded by the thundering double knock of Mr. Olinthus Crackenthorpe, of Holborn Court, Gray's Inn, who followed the beer (which, as Shakspeare has it, 'was at the door,') as gravely and medically as an undertaker.

* * * * *

"Mrs. Palmer at this period suddenly disappeared to direct the 'serving up,' and regulate the precedence of butter-boats, and the arrangements of the vegetables, which were put down to steam on the dinner-table in covered dishes, two on a side; a tureen of mock turtle from Mr. Tiley in Tavistock Place, being at the bottom, and our old friend, the cod's head and shoulders, dressed in a horse-radish wig, and lemon-slice buttons, at the top. An oval pond of stewed calves' head, dotted with dirt balls, and surrounded by dingy brain and egg pancakes, stood next the fish, and a couple of rabbits, smothered in onions, next the soup. In the centre of the table towered a grotesque pyramid, known as an epergne, at the top of which were large pickles in a glass dish, and round which hung divers and sundry cut-glass saucers, in which were deposited small pickles and lemons, alternately dangling gracefully. At the corners of the table were deposited the four masses of vegetable matter before mentioned, and in the interstices a pretty little saucer of currant-jelly, with an interest-

ing companion full of horse-radish; all of which being arranged to her entire and perfect satisfaction, Mrs. Palmer again hurried up to the drawing-room, as red as a turkey-cock, in order to appear as if she had been doing nothing at all, and to be just in time to be handed down again by the major.

"The table was soon arranged; the major, on the right hand of Mrs. Palmer, was doomed to be roasted by the flame of the fire; and the bride, on the right hand of Mr. Palmer, was destined to be blown to shivers by the wind from the door. Mr. Crackenthorpe, who stood six feet three without his shoes, coiled up his legs under his chair, to the direful inconvenience of the green-grocer 'daily waiter,' who regularly stumbled over them whenever he approached his mistress on the sinister side, and much to the annoyance of Miss Charlotte Engleheart, who had long had a design upon the said Crackenthorpe for a husband, and who was in the habit of toe-treading and foot-feeling, after the custom of the tribes with whom she had been habituated to dwell.

"Miss Palmer's whole anxiety was in the dinner; her heart was in the tipsey-cake, and all her hopes and wishes centered in the little jelly-glasses: divers and sundries were the hems and winks which she bestowed upon the waiter, in order to regulate the putting down of the different little niceties; and the discovery which, shortly after the appearance of the second course, was made, that a trifle in a white wig of froth, which had superseded the big pickles on the top of the epergne, was considerably damaged by the dripping of oil from the lamp, which hung invidiously over it, nearly threw her into hysterics.

"Vain were all the protestations of Mrs. Overall, that she never ate trifle—vain were all the screams of the major, to reassure her—vain were the pleadings of Crackenthorpe, and the consolations of Miss Engleheart; 'it was so provoking'—after all the pains, and the cakes, and the cream, and the wine, and the whipping—'dear, dear, only to think,' and so on, which continued till the trifle itself was removed; when Emma left the room to follow the dear object of her love into the dark back parlour, where the dessert was laid out, and where the said trifle, amidst papa's umbrellas, Mr. Crackenthorpe's goloshes, and Mrs. Overall's boa, stood untouched, in order, if possible, to skim off the oleaginous matter which it had imbibed, before it sank through to the 'nice rich part at the bottom,' and to rescue some portion of the materials, to serve up the next evening, when they expected a few neighbours to tea and supper."

France. By Eyre Evans Crowe. Vol. I. Longman and Co.

This volume forms the twelfth number of "Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia," and surely a history of France could not have appeared at a period more interesting than the present. Eventful as the last few months have been, shaken as she is by a terrific revolution, and apparently on the eve of a convulsion even more terrible than the last, we turn eagerly to the chronicle of past events, and endeavour to draw from thence some conclusion as to what may possibly be now the conduct of her wavering and unhappy people. In the work before us it will be found that a very fair, although on minor points an abridged, view is given of the long series of occurrences which has furnished the materials for the French history; that a variety of curious and interesting anecdotes is interwoven with the historical detail; and that the whole is written in a manner, if in some parts not quite so accurate as we could wish, yet sufficiently refined and elevated above the journal style as to render it not unacceptable to readers of taste and education. The philosophical reflections are introduced and supported with ability, and the deductions are every where moral and instructive. To individuals of the scholastic profession it will prove highly valuable, the language being clear and distinct, calculated to improve the understanding, and assist the memory. The following is an extract:—

"Joan of Arc was a native of Domremi on the Meuse, whose low condition, that of tending oxen, could not stifle an enthusiastic and devout temperament. Prophecies floated about the country that a virgin could alone rid France of her enemies. Similar prophecies respecting children and shepherds had prevailed during the crusades, but had not proved fortunate. At an early period these prophecies had fixed the attention of Joan. In her lonely way of life, her imaginative spirit dwelt on them; they became identified with her religious creed. During the state of ecstasy which devotion causes in persons of such sensitive and enthusiastic character, aught that flatters or exalts self is grasped with wild avidity; so closely is mortal baseness allied with our aspirations after immortality. It could not but occur to Joan, that she might be the object of these prophecies; it was but a short and flattering step for her credulity to suppose, to believe, that she was. The idea was bright and dazzling;—she gazed upon it;—it became the object of her constant meditation. When we see that ill success or contradictory events can seldom dissipate illusion in such cases, how strongly must her successes have confirmed hers! The prophecy too was one that realizes

itself. To inspire confident hope of victory was the surest way to win it; and this she effected. Never, by human means alone, was miracle wrought more effectually or more naturally.

“Joan won first upon a knight to believe, at least not to condemn, the truth of her mission; which was to deliver France from the English, to raise the siege of Orleans, and bring Charles to be crowned at Rheims. Her credit soon extended from knights to nobles. Charles himself, in that crisis when men grasp at straws, still dreaded the ridicule of being credulous, and the danger of meddling with sorcery; a priest re-assured him. The simple, modest, and pious conduct of Joan herself gained upon the monarch, and even upon his warriors. She was provided with armour, attendants, troops; and in this train entered Orleans. The besieged were elated beyond measure; the English, whom her fame had already reached, were proportionally cast down. Superstition was then the ruler of men’s minds, the great dispenser of hope and fear; the immediate hand of Providence was seen in every event. The world did not comprehend, nor could it have been reconciled to, that long chain of causes and effects which separates, it might be said which exiles, us of this day from heaven, and renders the Deity, like his Platonic shadow, careless and uncognizant of human destinies.

“Joan soon sallied forth against the English entrenchments. Already, since the rumour of her presence, they had abandoned the offensive, and even allowed a convoy of provisions to enter the town between their posts. The inactivity of superstitious terror was attributed to Joan’s magic influence, and became morally infectious. Suffolk was driven from each of his bastilles, or wooden towers, successively. A fort held by Sir William Gladesdale made the most stubborn resistance. In vain, for a day’s space, did the flower of the French continually renew the assault; Joan herself led them, when she was transfixed by an arrow; she fell, and a woman’s weakness for an instant showed itself:—she wept; but this paroxysm of sensibility was akin to that of devotion. Her visions came, her protector, St. Michael, appeared; and if we are to believe the testimony of the French knights, she got up and fought till the gallant Gladesdale was slain and his fort taken. The English immediately raised the siege. Joan, having accomplished so considerable a portion of her promises, would not allow the enemy to be pursued.

“The gratitude of Charles was proportionate to the benefits he had received. He no longer doubted the divine mission of his preserver. A fresh victory obtained over the English at Patay,

in which Fastolffe showed a want of courage, and the gallant Talbot was made prisoner, greatly increased the confidence of Charles. Joan proposed to conduct him to be crowned at Rheims. It was distant; many strong towns, that of Troyes for example, intervened, all garrisoned by hostile troops. Still Joan prevailed and kept her word. Troyes surrendered, and Rheims also, where the coronation of Charles VII. fulfilled the mission of the maid of Orleans. Paris itself was next attacked; but this was too hardy an enterprise. Joan was wounded in an assault upon the gate and boulevard St. Honoré, and the French were obliged to retreat. The exploits of Joan were drawing to a term; she was herself aware, and hinted, that much longer time was not allowed her. She was taken by the English as she headed a *sortie* from Compeigne. Her capture was considered tantamount to a victory; it was one, however, replete with dishonour to the English. They bound and used every cruelty towards the hapless maid of Orleans; raised accusations of sorcery against her, whose only crime was man's first duty, to make a religion of patriotism. With all the meanness and cruelty of inquisitors, they laid snares for her weakness, and employed every effort to shake her confidence in her own purity and virtue. She yielded a moment under their menaces and false promises, through exhaustion and hunger, but she always rallied back to courage, averred her holy mission, and defied her foes. She was burnt in the old market-place of Rouen, 'a blessed martyr' in her country's cause."

Cheltenham Lyrics, and other Poems. By Hal Hardinge,
Westley and Davis.

Our poet appears to be the most susceptible Lothario of modern times, the first series being addressed entirely to sundry fair damsels, visitors of Cheltenham, on whom he may have chanced to fix his enamoured eye. To them the volume will, no doubt, be particularly acceptable. There are some pieces in a religious strain, towards the close of the book, which prove the writer to be capable of better things.

Dramatic Gazette. Griffiths.

A weekly periodical entertaining to those of our fair friends who delight in theatricals. The reviews are given boldly and impartially, and the critic is evidently well versed in his subject. Several anecdotes and interesting narratives are introduced by the editor, and the publication well deserves, and will no doubt obtain, popularity.

Housekeeping and Account Book for 1831. Dunn.

This little work ought to be in the hands of every notable

housewife in the united kingdom: it contains a daily account of expenditure, a weekly washing account for the year, with a check for delivery (by which method a vast deal of trouble is saved and time gained); with ample directions for the kitchen garden, and a list of dainties suitable to every particular month; with sundry other claims to favour both of utility and information.

National Library.—No. II. The History of the Bible. 2 vols. Vol. I. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M.A.

The above work, which has only lately fallen under our notice, possesses our most unqualified disapprobation, and we cannot but regret that some one better able to weigh nicely, and to discriminate justly, had not been called upon to write this important history instead of Mr. Gleig, who, notwithstanding the piety and literary talent which he possesses, appears to us perfectly unfitted to his task. He assumes too much and too often—he climbs the arduous steep until, midway, he finds himself unable either to proceed or to retreat, and, losing his hypothetical hold, falls amid a mass of confusion and blunder. But the worst of the matter is that his discrepancies are made in a tone so measured and dictatorial, that the reader who is not familiar with biblical commentaries is very likely to take for granted that which is delivered in a style so solemn and authoritative. The reverend author seems to us to be more in love with learning than inspiration, and in some of his disquisitions does not scruple to bring into question the very authenticity of Bible statements. We do not think that he has chosen the best, perhaps we should rather say the purest, commentators as his guides, and he sometimes (we presume owing to the imperfect manner in which his references are made) utterly mistakes them. We view with indignation such an attempt on a subject so momentous. The man who sits down to write a History of the Bible should be thoroughly competent to his work, otherwise, as in the present case, much that is unscriptural, and therefore dangerous, will be disseminated; and that vague and damning method of reducing Divine truth to the mere level of scholastic inquiry, will be encouraged and promulgated.

The Heiress of Bruges, a Tale of the year 1600. By Thomas Colley Grattan, Esq. Author of "Highways and Byways," &c. &c. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

We have perused the above tale with avidity and delight, and cannot but congratulate the author on the success with which he has painted scenes in themselves replete with a romantic interest. The story is laid, as the title-page announces it, in the

year 1600, when Maurice of Nassau was contending for the freedom of his country against the encroachments and tyranny of its Spanish rulers. For delineation of character, descriptive excellence, and a wild and romantic energy of manner, it stands pre-eminent among all the late publications of the same order which have come under our notice. We will not destroy the interest of the story, which is so admirably sustained throughout, by analysis, which can never (in prescribed limits) do justice to the merits of such a work; we will, on the contrary, satisfy ourselves by recommending it earnestly to the perusal of our readers, nothing doubting but that they will participate in the gratification which we have derived from its pages.

Comic Offering. Smith and Elder.

We know not which to praise most in this publication, the beauty of the exterior, or the fascinating humour of the interior. Both are in their way admirable—the first being composed of dark morocco, embellished with numerous witty devices, and the latter showing how easily one may be merry and wise, and excite unmeasured laughter without the introduction of grossness or buffoonery. It is, we are informed, the production of Miss Sheridan, (whether a descendant of the immortal, we know not,) a young lady scarcely out of her teens, and we certainly perceive in every line the dim outshadowings of such an organ of gaiety as we are sure would, on a nearer inspection, amaze even us, experienced phrenologists as we are. The appearance of this talented and amusing Annual will, we doubt not, strike qualm into the bosoms of those inveterate punsters who may be said to “live on their wits,” although the purchasers will find by the perusal of this young lady’s efforts of genius, that *they* need not quake for fear of losing a *lively-Hood*, as the means of obtaining another is to be found in the encouragement of Miss Sheridan’s facetious exertions. The wood-cuts are excellent. The first is entitled “Running for the Ladies’ Plate,” and the eagerness of the cats racing to partake of the old lady’s bounty is admirably depicted. The next in merit is the “Wall Flowers,” delineating the melancholy condition of half a dozen damsels at a ball, condemned to sit undisturbed in their places for the sole crime of being above “a certain age.” “You are fond of ducking I see, friend,” depicting an honest farmer consigning a duck-stealer to the discipline of a horse-pond, pleases us much. “Mr. and Mrs. Hart” wants originality. “O Nanny wilt thou gang with me,” represents a sailor pulling along a goat, who appears by no means to give a satisfactory reply. “In very narrow circumstances,” is delineated by a Daniel Lambert sort of a gentleman

endeavouring all in his power to escape from an infuriated bull by passing a gate, in which he appears to be unluckily jammed. The remainder are all equally entertaining, although we cannot find room to particularize their many virtues. In the literary portion we discover much to amuse and nothing to condemn. It is seldom, in a work like this, that we find not some parts approaching to mediocrity—here, however, every incident is worked up in such a flow of genuine humour, that we know not what we could wish omitted. We shall embellish the first number of our New Series with a lengthened quotation; and, in conclusion, we will add that no work of a similar kind which has fallen under our notice has afforded us half the gratification and amusement which we have derived from this exquisite publication, both as regards the matter and manner. To the hypochondriac and splenetic it will be invaluable; and to the laughter-loving, merry-making, joke-enjoying disciples of Momus, we consign it as worthy their purchase even at double its actual price.

New System for Learning and Acquiring extraordinary facility on all Musical Instruments, particularly the Pianoforte, Harp, and Violin, (as well as in Singing,) in a very short space of Time. With a New and Easy Mode of marking the Fingering of all Wind Instruments. By Auguste Bertini. London, 1830. Longman and Co.

This work is illustrated by twenty-six explanatory plates, which not only profess, but are calculated to enable the pupil to make great progress, even in the absence of a master, and without an instrument. The object of this publication is directed to the advancement of a science in such high requisition, that we doubt not it will receive a fair trial by all who are desirous to acquire, with ease and rapidity, this most fascinating, and in polite life, perhaps, this most useful accomplishment. We have looked with great attention at the "System," and are happy to find that it possesses much beyond its novelty to recommend it. Like all others, it has its difficulties; but they are such as a little care and investigation may readily remove. It must have cost the author considerable pains, and we hope that its utility and consequent encouragement will be proportionate.

The Laurel and The Lyre. Sharpe. 1830.

We have often lamented that some experienced hand could not be found to gather together the scattered flowers of our national poesy, and to display them in a less perishable form than in the varied pages of periodical literature. The editor of the volumes before us (forming Nos. 3 and 4 of Sharpe's *Library of the Belles*

Lettres) has gone far towards supplying the deficiency. He has brought to our view many exquisite ideas and elegant efforts of poetic feeling that we feared were for ever lost, and the perusal of which amply repaid us, in the pleasure of retrospection, for all the defects in their want of originality. Perhaps these publications would have been more entertaining had the editor been less enchanted with the style of Alaric Watts and L. E. L., poets whose day is gone by, or whose sun is at least fast declining in the horizon of public opinion. There are several specimens, nevertheless, of an opposite character, in part by unknown authors, and others by writers of more note—Mrs. Hemans, Moore, Byron, Mrs. Hall, the Roscoes, Thomas H. Bayley, &c. &c. On the whole, we can safely recommend the purchase of these publications to all true lovers of elegant poesy; and we shall frequently recur to their pages for gems wherewith to embellish the Album of our New Series.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE, CHITCHAT, &c.

NOVEMBER has been to this country one of the most eventful eras of modern times. During the early part of the month the anticipated delight of beholding their beloved Monarch among them kept the loyal citizens in one continued round of bustle and activity. Preparations on the largest scale were entered into for illuminations, and seats for viewing the procession were erected at a great expense, and found eager purchasers at prices the most extravagant. Anon all was overcast. The asinine fears of some, and the well-grounded apprehensions of others, induced their Majesties to postpone their visit. Most persons, nevertheless, concur in stating that, so far as concerned our revered Sovereigns, all was perfectly safe. Their shield would have been a million hearts, their bulwark of protection a people's love. There can, however, be but little doubt that there exists among a certain class a degree of discontent and disaffection, and that opportunity might have been taken of an immense crowd to effect mischief, which it was thought more advisable to prevent than to avenge. The next event which we have to record is one even of more importance:—

MINISTERS HAVE RESIGNED! On this head, two or three reflections naturally suggest themselves. The first is a feeling of unfeigned regret that a chief who had already raised for himself a monument of immortality, should have been induced to run the hazard of compromising his popularity by mixing himself up with

the political intrigues of the day. That the Duke of Wellington was at one time the "Man of the People" all will readily allow : he had fought their battles ; he had exalted his country to the highest pinnacle of earthly distinction ; and, having trodden beneath his feet the iron rod of a despotic tyrant, he might have retired to enjoy in peace the well-earned laurels of his matchless prowess. Alas ! that we should have lived to see the vilest insults heaped upon the saviour of his country—for he *was* the saviour—whether by his political conduct he still retains the full splendour of the name, those who have weighed his proceedings in the balance of justice can best determine. The Catholic Bill—that disastrous, that irretrievable measure—attended as it was with circumstances of the most disgraceful turpitude on the part of those who had hitherto maintained a character for integrity, and on whom their betrayed constituents relied as mariners amid breakers on the experienced guidance of a trusty pilot—the Catholic Bill, we say, will not speedily be forgotten. The cry of expediency would not suffice to still the angry storm of disappointment ; and even now, on beholding the tumultuous proceedings of the English people, and the means adopted for drowning their voices for reform and the abolition of machinery, it is but natural to ask why in *their* case force should be opposed to force ? why, as a measure of "*expediency*," conciliatory steps should not be adopted to quell the horrible burnings, the seditious, threatenings, and other insurrectionary movements which at this moment agitate the empire. The Duke of Wellington, as a soldier, was matchless ; but there is scarcely an act of his as a statesman that was not founded on wrong premises, and of which the consequences have not proved the inefficiency of his administration. But—it is over, and we must endeavour, if possible, to forget the transgressions of the politician in feelings of veneration for the unsullied glories of the chief.

Sir Robert Peel arose in the horizon of Britain like an orb of light—all eyes were turned to the development of his genius—to the passing brightness of his rising fame. His industrious research into, and his able improvements of the criminal code, are fresh in the remembrance of all ; and had he pursued his original tenor of parliamentary consistency and integrity, he would not have been, as he now is, the most fallen and unpopular man of the times.

But amid our satisfaction at the dismissal of the late ministers, we cannot feel other than the deepest anxiety on the score of the present state of the cabinet, composed as it is almost exclusively

of Whigs! We will not, however, prejudge the proceedings of any set of men. Storms threaten us both within and without—the greater portion of the old world is in a state of revolution—interests are divided—ambition is looking for her prey—our vast debt—the starving agriculturalists—the factious proceedings of the malcontents—these are sufficient to render the ministerial couch far other than a bed of sweets. But, *nous verrons*.

The principal parliamentary act worth noticing is the appointment of the Duchess of Kent as Regent, in case of a demise of the Crown during the minority of the Princess Victoria.

The recent political occurrences have occupied so much space in our work, that we are obliged this month to condense our fashionable chitchat. Their Majesties are in the enjoyment of good health, although their minds have been lately sufficiently harassed. The King has held three levees during the last month, which were attended by most gentlemen of rank and fashion in town. Her Majesty has expressed her intention of holding a drawing-room on the 24th of February, a day, we believe, which will be fixed on for the annual celebration of the Queen's birthday. All ladies are expected to be attired in dresses of English manufacture. It is understood that there will, in future, (with a few exceptions,) be no private audiences for ladies at the Queen's court, as most applicants have of late been referred to the ensuing drawing-room.

Town is not so full as we expected to have seen it on the temporary return of the Court. A few routs were given during the last month, but neither of these was very brilliantly attended.

The eldest daughter of Sir Francis Burdett is about to be united to the head of an ancient and opulent Cornish family.

The children of Prince Polignac are at present, together with their governess, on a visit to Lord Clarendon, at the Grove, in Hertfordshire. The Princess Polignac is in Paris, where she has recently given birth to a daughter.

The unfortunate death of the late amiable Lady Milton has excited the most lively interest and sorrow. Her ladyship was everywhere beloved, and her loss will be felt especially by the poor, to whom she was a friend and benefactor. Her ladyship was daughter to the late Lord Dundas, and has left nine children.

Mademoiselle Sontag is at Berlin, to which city she has lately returned from a professional tour. She will visit England in the ensuing Spring if her health permit.

Miss Stephens intends playing at one of the large houses for a few weeks in Spring, and closes a brilliant career of eighteen years

with a farewell benefit.—*Dramatic Gazette*. [We sincerely regret this intelligence. Miss Stephens has ever been one of the brightest ornaments of the stage: her talent, her beauty, but, above all, her tried and invincible morality and virtue, have made her an universal favourite. We have heard, however, that a matrimonial affair is on the tapis.—ED. L. M.]

We know, from indisputable authority, that her Majesty, on receiving the representation of Ministers, was particularly averse to the procession on the 9th ult. lest what would be a pleasure to her might involve the life of any one of her subjects, and that it was chiefly by her persuasions that her Illustrious Lord was at length induced, most reluctantly, to accede to the wishes of his official advisers.

Mr. St. John Long, after having been fined 250*l.* for the manslaughter of Miss Cashin, returned to his *professional* duties, in consequence of which he has committed another—manslaughter, we suppose we must call it—and will be arraigned for the same at the ensuing Sessions. Should any of his infatuated patients undergo hereafter the ordeal of a *de lunatico inquirendo*, we should imagine that an attendance on this empiric would go far to substantiate the case.

We beg to suggest to her Grace the Duchess of St. Alban's, the propriety of desiring her husband to discontinue his Sunday dinner parties. The young gentleman should be taught that there are other days more appropriate for these amusements.

Their Majesties will shortly leave London for Brighton, but they will pass their Christmas at Windsor.

It is said that the unfortunate Charles X. is involved in pecuniary difficulties, and the funds of the ex-King will, it is feared, shortly be attached for debt.

We are surprised that there is no existing law which will lay hold on the nest of diabolical wretches who nightly vomit forth their blasphemy and sedition in Blackfriars Road. The flow of language and vehemence of gesture displayed by these pests of society act most fearfully on the minds of the poor ignorant audience, who have neither sense nor courage to refute their sophistry; while, conscious of their influence, they never fail to work upon the passions of these deluded people, and to instil into their minds all the infidel and bloodthirsty doctrines which their own black hearts can devise.

We were delighted on hearing, some months ago, that the neighbourhood of Battle-Bridge was likely to undergo an improvement, but as yet nothing has been effected towards that

desirable end but the erection of a building to be called King's Cross, the top of which looks for all the world like the capstan of a man-of-war.

The burnings in Kent, Surrey, Sussex, Hants, and other counties, continue to increase. His Majesty's pardon and 500*l.* are offered to any accomplice who shall discover the actual incendiary.

The ensuing season is expected to be a remarkably gay one; already grand preparations are making in the mansions of many of the *haut-ton* at the West End.

Since writing the above we have received the following announcement:—

OFFICE OF LORD CHAMBERLAIN TO THE QUEEN, ST. JAMES'S, Nov. 25, 1830.—Notice is hereby given, that the Queen has appointed Thursday, the 24th day of February, 1831, for the celebration of her Majesty's birth-day, when a Drawing-room will be held at St. James's Palace.

The Queen will not require that any Lady who has already been presented should be presented a second time.

It is expected that all Ladies attending the Drawing-room will appear in dresses of British manufacture.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

FULL DRESS.

A DRESS of rose-coloured Grenadine gauze over satin of a corresponding colour. The corsage, cut low and square across the bust, is plain behind, and arranged in drapery on the upper part of the bust in front. Béret sleeve, surmounted by a deep fall of satin points. A row of white blond lace goes from the point of each shoulder in front, round the back part of the bust. A broad *bouillon* of the material of the dress, surmounted by a row of satin points, which fall partially over it, goes round the bottom of the skirt near the edge of the border; it crosses on the left side, and one end is brought nearly to the knee, where it is attached to another rouleau by a white rose with its foliage; this second rouleau, arranged in a similar manner, at a considerable distance from the first, terminates also in the drapery style with a flower. The head-dress is a béret, composed of the same material as the dress, and ornamented on the inside of the brim with bows and *coques* of rose-coloured gauze riband. The crown is decorated on one side, and behind, with full knots of riband; a white *esprit*, and a long, curled, rose coloured ostrich feather, inserted in one of the knots, droop to the left side.



FULL DRESS

CARRIAGE DRESS

ENGLISH COSTUME FOR DEC^R 1830



OPERA DRESS

MORNING DRESS

FRENCH COSTUME FOR DEC. 1830

CARRIAGE DRESS.

A lavender coloured satin dress; the corsage, made in the style of a canezou, is disposed in deep plaits behind, and ornamented in front of the bust with folds in the style of a fan. The sleeve is excessively wide as far as the elbow, from whence the fulness is disposed in deep folds; they are confined to the arm by three satin bands, placed at regular distances. The *jockeés* are very large; there are two pelerines, one small, the other of moderate size: they are trimmed, as are also the *jockeés*, with English black blond lace; three narrow rouleaus, put close together, surmount a black blond flounce attached to the upper edge of the hem. Black velvet hat, lined with rose-coloured satin. The brim is, comparatively speaking, of a moderate size; the crown low, and of an oval form. The first is trimmed on the inside with rose-coloured gauze riband. Quillings of blond net, tied under the chin by full bows and ends of riband, form the *brides*. The crown is decorated with two uncurled ostrich feathers, inserted in a bandeau of black gauze riband, and knots of riband placed on each side.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

We are sure our fair readers will rejoice with us at the prospect of a splendid winter. Thanks to foreign commotions, our English nobility and gentry are flocking home as fast as they can. Our court is expected to be brilliant; and what English lady will present herself at it, decked in the produce of foreign looms, when our gracious Queen, the true mother of her people, has openly expressed a determination to wear only our own manufactures? Nor need the most fastidious amateur of foreign silks or laces regret this determination; if she will only take the trouble to compare English and foreign goods, the superiority of the former will be so evident, that, putting patriotism and charity out of the question, self interest will induce her to give the preference to home manufactures.

Walking dress is rather of a comfortable than showy description. Cloth mantles of dark colours, trimmed round the pelerine with rich bullion fringe to correspond, are much in favour; and when worn with a black velvet bonnet, or else one of a rich full winter colour, are at once appropriate to the season and gentlewomanly.

We still see a good many dresses composed of merinos, or gros de Naples, worn with large black velvet pelerines, trimmed with rich fringe. Those dresses offer nothing actually novel in their form: the corsage is nearly concealed by the pelerine: the sleeves, from the elbow to the wrist, are as wide as a gown skirt formerly

used to be ; the remainder of the sleeve sets close to the arm, and it is finished by a pointed cuff, or else a cambric or embroidered manchette to correspond with the chemisette. A boa tippet is indispensable with this kind of walking dress : those tippets are indeed more in favour than the large fur pelerines, though they are also worn. Muffs are also very generally adopted. Ermine and sable are as much in favour as they have been for some winters past. We have it from good authority, that the beautiful fur known among the trade by the name of Isabella bear, will also this winter be exceedingly fashionable.

Satin mantles, with velvet pelerines, are greatly worn in carriage dress. Velvet pelisses are likely to be in considerable request towards the end of the month. Pelisse gowns are at this moment very generally adopted in carriage dress. They are composed of gros de Naples or gros des Indes ; the corsage, made plain behind, is usually ornamented in front with satin rouleaus arranged in the shape of a fan, or else disposed in folds, which meet just above the ceinture ; from thence the corsage is open, but not so much so as in summer. The collar and lappels are of very moderate size. If satin is used to trim the bust, the upper part of the sleeve is generally decorated with three satin points, which form the fulness of the upper part of the sleeve in the *bouffant* style, and knots or rouleaus of satin also adorn the front of the dress.

Black velvet, and black and rose-coloured satin and gros de Naples, are the materials in favour for carriage hats and bonnets ; both are smaller, but not so much so as was anticipated. The brims of bonnets are neither very close nor very wide ; they are becomingly rounded at the ears ; the crowns continue the same height as last month. Those of black velvet or satin are generally lined with rose colour, and some have a mixture of rose colour in the trimming : others are trimmed with the material of the bonnet, arranged in short bows and long ends, the latter rounded and edged with narrow floize silk fringe.

Several of the most novel hats have the brims rather to one side, and some have a kind of double brim. The crowns are still worn very low, and some have an ornament of the *demi fichu* form, either composed of or edged with blond lace, arranged in horizontal folds. Feathers are very much used in trimming carriage hats ; there are seldom more than two employed, and they are placed together, but so as to droop in contrary directions. Ornaments composed of cut riband are always mingled with feathers. Many hats are trimmed with riband only ; the knots are

now always formed of ends; a favourite ornament is composed of riband cut to resemble a feather. Various shades of green, ruby, and rose, are the colours in request for ribands.

We do not remember a winter in which so great a variety of materials for half and full dress have been produced as the present. Merinos, cachemires, and washing silks are all in request for *negligé*; for grand costume we have plain and fancy silks, satins, velvets, crapes, and gauzes, which for richness of material and beauty of pattern, are, we may boldly say, unrivalled. A good many dinner dresses are made in the half pelisse style, that is to say, partially high behind, but very open on the bust, and trimmed round with ornaments of the lozenge form, which are frequently edged with narrow blond lace. The chemisettes worn with these dresses are usually trimmed round the top with a ruche composed of blond net. The sleeves are always long, but generally of some transparent material. A narrow flounce, or a row of ornaments of the lozenge form, are the only trimmings seen on dinner gowns, and many are untrimmed.

Gowns in full dress have the corsage cut low, but not indelicately so. The backs are made plain, the fronts almost all crossed in drapery. Some are trimmed, *en pelerine*, with blond lace; others are plain. Sleeves in full dress are always very short and full. Full dress trimmings are either a blond lace flounce, to correspond with that on the bosom, or else a Grecian border embroidered in coloured silks, or composed of satin rouleaus. Claret colour, chesnut, dark blue, rose colour, dark green, and various fancy colours, are all fashionable.

Bodes de Paris.

OPERA DRESS.

A redingote of very light *vapeur gros des Indes*, over a jaconot muslin dress; the corsage of the latter, made plain and high, is finished round the top with a double row of lace, arranged in round plaits. The skirt is embroidered round the border in detached bouquets, the embroidery is partially seen, as the redingote is open from the waist downwards. *Corsage croisée*, cut very low upon the shoulders, a little open at the upper part, and made with a square falling collar. The sleeve is of the *demi gigot* form. A Grecian border, embroidered in emerald-green silk, and intermingled with light sprigs of foliage, goes round the hem, and up each side of the dress to the waist; the collar is also embroidered. The hat is an intermixture of velvet and satin; the colour of the first is *violette des bois*, the latter *vest emerald*;

the trimming consists of knots of green gauze riband, composed of ends cut in *dents de scie*. Ear-rings, neck-chains, &c. massive gold. Green velvet bracelets, with gold clasps. Green satin *bottines*.

MORNING DRESS.

A high dress composed of drab-coloured gros de Naples; corsage à l'*Amazone*, embroidered round the collar and on the bust in silk braiding to correspond. Cambric chemisette, small plaited, and finished round the top with a double frill. Black satin bonnet of the chapeau capote shape. The brim is ornamented on the inside with a bandeau and knots of pale pink riband. An extremely large nœud of satin, attached to the front of the crown, projects on one side over the brim; a twisted band of riband goes round the crown, and a knot, *en tulipe*, surmounts the satin ornament on the left side.

STATEMENT OF FASHIONS AT PARIS, IN NOVEMBER.

White dresses and light scarfs are no longer seen in the fashionable promenades; they have given place to the warm winter mantles, or the well-wadded pelisse. Several of the former are extremely elegant. Some are made of fine twilled cloth, of a very slight texture, with an excessively large pelerine, and a high collar; the pelerine, the collar, and the fronts of the mantle, are embroidered, or pointed, in a wreath of flowers. Mantles composed of plaided merinos, made in the same manner, but without any trimming, are also in request.

Pelisses are composed of sarsnet; they are made with a plain tight corsage, and a high collar; they fasten imperceptibly down the front, and have no trimming. A fur tippet, either of the boa or palatine form, is always worn with a pelisse.

Velvet is in much request, as are also gros des Indes, and gros de Naples, for walking bonnets and hats; they are lined with satin of a different colour, and a good many are composed of two materials, and of two colours, so that one would be tempted to think the fair wearers were economical enough to have their bonnets made of shreds, if the expensive feathers, or handsome lace veils worn with them, did not show that economy had nothing to do in the business.

The brims of bonnets are, comparatively speaking, of a moderate size; the crowns are low, a good many are of the melon shape, and have the material arranged in folds. If the bonnet is composed of two materials, the trimming corresponds; if of one, it is composed of ribands only. There is now a great variety of tri-coloured ribands besides those of the nation; the latter are

very little worn at present. Brown, pongeau, and green; rose, lavender, and orange; ruby, yellow, and dark blue, are the colours most in request for ribands and scarfs of three colours.

Many velvet hats are not lined with a different colour, but the inside of the brim is nearly covered with broad rich riband, put plain in the centre, and fluted on each side in the shape of a fan. Beside the strings, there is always a band of riband that passes under the chin, and is trimmed with a quilling of blond net, or a row of narrow blond lace.

Gros de Naples is the material most in favour in half dress; these gowns are made with the corsage crossed in folds before, but only half high. The back is plain at top, but with a little fulness at the bottom of the waist. The long sleeves *à la Medicis*, are surmounted by *jockeés*, which are now deeper than last month. The corsage and the *jockeés* are frequently edged with very narrow, soft silk fringe, but the skirt has rarely any trimming.

Satin dresses, the corsage made with a cluster of folds just above the ceinture in front, which branch out on each side on the bust *à l'evantail*, are also worn in half dress, and particularly for social parties. The bust is ornamented with blond lace, which is put very deep behind, but narrower in front. The sleeves of these dresses are generally finished at the wrist with a deep point, which is edged with narrow blond lace.

Different kinds of gauze are worn in evening dress, particularly gaze de Chine, and gaze de Turin; the first is of uncommon richness; the other is of a lighter description, and much in favour for ball dresses. Both kinds of gauze are striped, spotted, and figured in a great variety of patterns.

A good many ball dresses have the corsage ornamented with five small satin rouleaus, and a deep fall of gauze arranged *en col-larette*, which is also bordered with one or two narrow rouleaus. If the dress has not this trimming, then the sleeves are generally ornamented with knots of riband on each shoulder. Short sleeves continue as wide as usual, but longer.

We have scarcely any thing to say on the subject of trimmings; a blond lace set on just above the knee, with scarcely any fulness, or a row of *dents de scie*, laid partially one over another, are occasionally seen on dresses, but by far the greater number have no trimming. Even ball dresses are made plain, with the exception of a few finished with embroidery, either in white or colours just above the hem.

Head-dresses this winter will be decidedly splendid; those

which have already appeared are of the richest description, but made with much lightness and grace. Black velvet *bérets*, something smaller than those of last winter, the cauls formed of satin rouleaus, arranged *en treillage*, are in great favour; they are usually ornamented with feathers. The plumage of the bird of Paradise has a beautiful effect upon these head-dresses. Some of the new turbans are also of velvet; others are composed of a mixture of velvet or satin with gold or silver gauze.

The hair in full dress is so arranged as to display its luxuriance in the most striking manner, either in large bows on the summit of the head, or else in plaited bands wound round a single bow; it is ornamented either with feathers or flowers, the latter arranged in wreaths.

Fashionable colours are those of which we have already spoken, with the addition of light blue.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS—At Bourn Hall, the Countess De La Warr, of a son.—In Queen Ann Street, the lady of John Kingston, Esq. of a daughter.—In Alexander Square, Brompton, the lady of Captain W. T. Williams, of a daughter.—At George Place, Lewisham, the lady of William Tucker, Esq. Commander Royal Navy, of a daughter.—At Richmond, the lady of G. Julius, jun. Esq. M.D. of a son.—In Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, the lady of Henry Moxon, Esq. of a daughter.—At North Runciton, Lady Harriet Gurney, of a daughter.—At Westmill, Herts, the lady of the Rev. H. Pepys, of a son.—In Upper Grosvenor Street, the Hon. Mrs. Dawson Damer, of a daughter.—At Beckenham, Kent, the lady of the Rev. Thomas Dale, of a daughter.—At Funtington, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel William Hewett, of a son.—At Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, the lady of the Rev. Henry John Owen, of a son.

MARRIAGES—At Streatham Church, the Rev. Samuel Boydeell Beckwith, of Lamberhurst, Kent, to Anna Maria, eldest daughter of the late Joseph Vannini, Esq. of St. John's, Tortola.—At St. Pancras Church, Richard Pemberton, Esq. jun. of Barnes, in the county of Durham, to Ellen, fifth daughter of Captain Jump, R. N.—At Kingston, Upper Canada, Captain J. R. Hornsby, Royal Artillery, to Eliza Rosina, fourth daughter of the late B. Mackenzie, Esq. of Montreal.—At Roscrea, Lieutenant-Colonel Maberly, 76th regiment, to Kate Charlotte, daughter of the Hon. F. A. Prittie, M.P. for the county of Tipperary.—At St. George's, Bloomsbury, Captain Kersteman, of Canewdon, Essex, to Mary Ann, second daughter of the late Rev. Rowland Berkeley, LL. D. of Writtle, Essex.

DEATHS—In Gloucester Place, Lady Pepys, in the 82d year of her age.—At Le Mans, the Right Hon. the Earl of Beverley, in the 81st year of his age.—At Little Chelsea, in the county of Middlesex, Sir William Augustus Brown, Bart. Lieutenant in his Majesty's 101st regiment of foot, aged 66.—At Conyngham Hall, the seat of the Hon. Sir Francis Burton, Bart. the Hon. Mrs. Whaley, widow of the late Thomas Whaley, Esq. of Strabo, in the county of Carlow, Ireland, eldest daughter of the late, and sister to the present, Lord Cloncurry.

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